MONEY TRAIN

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EXT. CONEY ISLAND CIRCA 1964 -- DAY

A breezy summer day. The crowded Ferris wheel turns slowly. And maybe, from a distance, you can smell cotton candy and roasted peanuts.

THE CAMERA PANS SLOWLY RIGHT INTO A TIGHT -- TWO SHOT

NICKY and BOBBY -- ages ten and eleven respectively. A pair of shirtless Brooklyn boys waiting for just the right moment. A RUMBLE BELOW signals that their wave is close.

BOBBY
Now!

Both boys drop from a trestle onto the top of A MOVING SUBWAY TRAIN as it accelerates from the Stillwell Avenue/Coney Island station.

TITLES UP -- MUSIC UP

A Beach Boys tune plays over this image of the train cutting near the water and those two boys surfing the top of that subway car.

BEACH BOYS SONG
Catch a wave and you're sittin' on top of the world...

THE TRACKS TURN WEST

Nicky and Bobby creeping forward on the car, arms out, knees bent. They duck the phone wires and trestles. This is what they called SUBWAY SURFING.

PULL BACK WIDE TO REVEAL -- MANHATTAN

Its looming skyline in the distance. As if these boys could ride all the way to Fifth Ave.

CROSSING JAMAICA BAY

As the tracks ride a levee flanked by water. Bobby gets ready to jump.

BOBBY
C'mon, Nicky. You can do it this time!

NICKY
I'm scared Bobby!

BOBBY
I said you can <u>do</u> it!

(CONTINUED)

NICKY
I can't!

BOBBY
You know what my daddy says about bein' afraid?

NICKY
No...

BOBBY
He says ya gotta sink or swim!

And with that, he gleefully grabs Nicky by the arm and they jump together!

SPLASH!

The boys hit water. Bobby surfaces LAUGHING. But Nicky breaks water looking altogether hurt.

BOBBY
Nicky... NICKY!

And when Bobby gets close, water spurts from Nicky's mouth like a drinking fountain, spraying Bobby's face. Nicky swims for the embankment. And Bobby chases.

INT. FLATBUSH SUBWAY STATION -- DAY

Wet and shirtless, Nicky and Bobby run through the station, JUMPING THE TURNSTILES, thus beating the fare.

A POLICEMAN'S WHISTLE BLOWS!

Cops at their heels. But before those cops can negotiate the turnstiles --

NICKY AND BOBBY

Are leaping off the edge of the subway platform and DISAPPEARING into the tunnel. Gone. Like rats scurrying from the light.

INT. SUBWAY TUNNELS -- NICKY AND BOBBY

Those wet-haired boys kick along the trench, when Bobby suddenly stops and lays his head to a rail.

BOBBY
Indian style. Pop says you can hear all the way to New Jersey. C'mon and listen.

Nicky follows suit. His ear touching the cold of the rail.

NICKY
I hear it! New Jersey.

BOBBY
Naw. Pro'bly just up ahead.
Let's go 'n see.

INT. J STREET, BROOKLYN -- SUBWAY TUNNELS -- NICKY AND BOBBY

The boys crawl up an interior trestle to get a HIGH ANGLE VIEW of --

REVEAL -- AN ARMORED TRAIN

Gleaming, all shiny and new. Rivets punctuating every square inch of her with hardened, steel mesh for windows. This is THE MONEY TRAIN. Where REVENUE GUARDS casually unload sacks full of cash, passing them man to man through a vaulted door.

THEN A TWO SHOT -- THE BOYS

As Bobby WHISPERS to Nicky...

BOBBY
We're train robbers!

And with index fingers for six shooters, both boys start blazing at the money train. POW POW... POW POW POW...

BOBBY (CONT'D)
Grenade launchers!
(sound FX)

NICKY
Flame thrower!
(sound FX)

CUT TO -- THE MONEY TRAIN

Where all action freezes at the curious SOUNDS COMING FROM OVERHEAD. Heads a scratchin'. Then a GUARD POINTS!

GUARD
Up there!

BOBBY AND NICKY

Busted. Nicky is frozen. But Bobby grabs Nicky...

BOBBY
Run!

And they do. Once again, disappearing into the tunnels. Their LAUGHTER echoes behind them like ripples in the water. Growing distant and receding into the blackness.

END MUSIC -- END TITLES -- FADE OUT -- AND FADE UP ON:

INT. EAST TREMONT SUBWAY PLATFORM -- PRESENT DAY -- THE BRONX

A rumble and the SCREAM OF STEEL as an express train hauls through this decrepit station. The waiting RIDERS are dressed in heavy clothes for the cold, winter weather.

CLOSE ON -- A HOMELESS MAN

Tatters for clothes and snot dripping from his frozen nose, the man makes his way over to a trash receptacle, removes the top piece and begins to rummage. This is BOBBY at age forty-one. His VOICE ECHOES from inside the trash barrel as he wheezes out that same BEACH BOY SONG...

BOBBY
Don't be afraid to try the greatest sport around -- Catch a wave, catch a wave...

REVEAL ON -- A NEARBY TOKEN BOOTH

The token seller works alone and seems to be keeping a wary eye. After all, this is The Bronx. This is NICKY at age forty. He makes change for a young couple then lets his eyes wander over to that homeless man.

NICKY
Bobby...?

CLOSE ON -- BOBBY

As his voice lilts into an off-key falsetto verse...

BOBBY
Some folks just have to put it dow-wown... Just find a wave, turn around and raise, that's all there is to the coastline craze, you gotta --

NICKY
Bobby!

Then, very cooly, Bobby reaches up and touches AN EARPLUG.

BOBBY
What?

CLOSE ON -- NICKY

Who also wears an earplug. CAMERA PANS DOWN to a mic hidden in Nicky's lapel. They talk through the wonder of electronics.

(CONTINUED)

NICKY
Wanna cut the singing. I think I just gave that last guy the wrong change.

BOBBY
Helps me think, you know? Like cemeteries. Ever think of how you wanna be buried?

NICKY
Not lately. But maybe if I hadda sell another week's worth a tokens I'd kill myself from the boredom.

BOBBY
Think about it. A cemetery. Winter time. Who goes? Nobody, right? No grass. Plants and flowers die. Who wants to be in a cemetery in winter?

NICKY
Dead people.

BOBBY
Not by choice. But get this. What if a bad guy was to stash something for a time? Got all those crypts and shit. Bad guy could stash just about anything. Stolen cars. Drugs...

NICKY
Money... You makin' a play?

BOBBY
Just talkin', partner. Had my head in this hole so long, all I can think about his Alice.
(then louder)
I NEED A WOMAN!!!

His voice ECHOES from the stinking garbage can, alerting RIDERS on the platform of the crazy man in their midst.

TOKEN BOOTH -- RAP RAP RAP

TWO UNIFORMED Transit Cops point to the turnstile next to the booth. Nicky instinctively reaches underneath the counter and PUSHES A BUTTON, releasing the wheel. The cops nod and move through.

(CONTINUED)

NICKY
Easy partner. We gotta pair a uniforms at two o'clock. Be on your best.

BOBBY
Yeah, yeah. This is The Bronx. What'll they care for a homeless bum with a hard on?

NICKY
Just be cool.

THE TWO UNIFORMS

Walk to the edge of the platform, looking each way, turning about. Pretty much doing their jobs. But the sound of Bobby REPLACING THE GARBAGE LID captures the bored uniform's attention.

NICKY
You done it, now. Here they come.

BOBBY
Ain't done nothin'. I'll shake 'em off.

BOBBY AND THE UNIFORMS

Bobby remains in character while...

UNIFORM 1
Get yer dinner okay?

UNIFORM 2
Yeah, yeah. What's on the menu t'night?

Bobby WHISPERS IN A RASPY VOICE. The first uniform leans closer.

UNIFORM 1
I didn't get that.

BOBBY
I'm a decoy cop. I'm working a stake. Now move along.

UNIFORM 1
Says he's working decoy.

UNIFORM 2
Yeah, yeah, right right. Let's see yer shield, pal.

(CONTINUED)

BOBBY
Don't bust my balls. I said I'm decoy. My partner's in the booth. Now don't fuck with me and move. I'm askin' real nice.

One of the uniforms looks back toward the booth. Where NICKY SHAKES HIS HEAD, trying to relay to the cops that they're fucking up the gig. Wrong signal.

UNIFORM 1
Guy in the booth don't know ya. Now we got us new orders to keep the vagrants outta the tunnels. Why don't you go find a shelter --

BOBBY
What's it gonna take? Wanna see my gun? Fine. Wanna see my shield? Fine.

CLOSE ON -- NICKY

NICKY
Goddammit, Bobby!

BUT THEN -- NICKY'S VIEW CHANGES

To across the tracks on the opposite platform.

A LOCAL IN A LONG COAT

Nervous. The potential perp's looking each way. Not for a train, but for his moment.

BUT AS HE TURNS -- INSIDE THAT COAT REVEALS -- A GAS CAN

Hidden from view. But flashed in such a way that...

NICKY
SonofaBITCH! Bobby, we're on!

CUT TO -- BOBBY AND THE UNIFORMS

While Bobby is totally out of character and throwing open his coat.

BOBBY
You dumb fuckin' uniforms. I gotta fuckin' gun for ya --

UNIFORM
GUN!

They panic. Automatically dropping a step back and reaching for their weapons when --

NICKY -- BURSTS FROM THE BOOTH

NICKY
GAS CAN! SOUTHBOUND PLATFORM!

Bobby doesn't even think. He simply takes his cue and LAUNCHES PAST the two uniforms and LEAPS WITH NICKY into the trench.

INT. TOKEN BOOTH -- SOUTHBOUND PLATFORM

The TOKEN SELLER has backed up in fright as a GAS CAN EMPTIES through the token return.

GAS CAN
Now open your fuckin' door before I light you, mother fucker!

CUT TO -- BOBBY AND NICKY

Guns out. Crossing tracks. Nicky finds Bobby's hand on his collar, suddenly pulling him backward as --

ANOTHER TRAIN

Barrels down and blows past them. HORN SOUNDING and that awful SCREAMING STEEL. A long express train. The cars pass, one two three four five six seven eight nine --

SUDDEN REVEAL -- THE TOKEN BOOTH

As it bursts into flame! The token seller's MUFFLED SCREAMS and the perp pounding on the bullet proof glass.

GAS CAN
OPEN THE FUCKIN' DOOR!!!

BOBBY/NICKY
FREEZE -- HOLD IT!!!!

HARDLY... GAS CAN TURNS

Takes one look at Bobby and Nicky and bolts. Heading for the turnstiles. But --

MORE UNIFORM COPS

Rushing down the stairwell, blocking Gas Can's path. So he shifts direction, forcing his way through the crowd and hauling down the platform.

BOBBY -- IN THE TRENCH

Levels his 9mm, trying to get off a shot.

(CONTINUED)

BOBBY
Get down! EVERYBODY DOWN!

The CROWD complies, ducking down. All but one GAWKER who insists on watching the scene. But Gas Can plows into the man, knocking him into the trench just as --

A LOCAL TRAIN

Appears from the North tunnel and WHUMP! The Gawker bounces off the forward car to the tracks and...

SCREAMS FROM THE CROWD!

Meanwhile, Gas Can leaps from the end of the platform and disappears into the tunnel.

BOBBY

Gives chase.

MEANWHILE -- NICKY AT THE BLAZING BOOTH

POUNDING AT THE GLASS while the token seller cowers and CHOKES ON SMOKE.

NICKY
JUST HIT THE BUTTON! OPEN THE DOOR WITH THE BUTTON!

Smoke overtakes the token seller. He collapses to the floor of the booth.

BUT NICKY -- HE TURNS TO THE STALLED LOCAL TRAIN

Pushing his way to the MOTORMAN'S HELM, he reaches inside and RETRIEVES A FIVE GALLON FIRE EXTINGUISHER. Nicky barks at the crowd.

NICKY
OUTTA MY WAY! CLEAR A PATH!

THOSE UNIFORMS WHO HASSLED BOBBY APPEAR

They push the crowd aside for Nicky.

CUT BACK TO -- THE BULLETPROOF WINDOW

Where Nicky sprays the glass with the CO2. Swiftly then, he turns the butt end of the cannister to the window and swings it like a battering ram. WHAP! WHAP! WHAP!

(CONTINUED)

THE BULLET PROOF WINDOW SHATTERS

Nicky PULLS OFF HIS JACKET, crawls inside, wrapping his jacket around the token seller to protect him from the flames. With helps from those uniforms, they pull the man out and lay him choking to the pavement.

NICKY
(into walkie-talkie)
EMS! WEST TREMONT SOUTH! WE GOT FIRE IN A BOOTH!

UNIFORM 1
Hell. That's supposed to be bulletproof glass!

NICKY
It is... I'm goin' after my partner. Wait for EMS. And button down the crime scene. Nothin' moves, got me?

UNIFORM 1
Gotcha.

INT. TUNNEL SPLIT -- SUBWAY

Two tracks. One to the left. The other to the right.

THEN -- A CLOSE-UP -- BOBBY

As he lays his ear to one of the bare rails. Just like when he was a boy. A smile crosses his face just as Nicky arrives, winded but ready.

NICKY
Which way, kimosabe?

BOBBY
This one, here. I figure about a hundred yards. Get the switch, will ya?

NICKY GOES TO -- A SWITCH

Set in the wall that requires a secret twist and...

KUH-SHUNK -- THE TUNNEL GOES DARK

Nicky shivers.

BOBBY
Where's your jacket?

NICKY
I loaned it out... Guts before glory. You first.

BOBBY
Nope. Fodder before fame. It's all yours, partner.

Right. Nicky starts into the tunnel. But Bobby good-naturedly shoves him aside and ENTERS first.

INT. RTO COMMAND -- MANHATTAN TRANSIT BUILDING -- NIGHT

This is traffic control for the entire subway system. DISPATCHERS and SCHEDULE MAKERS at individual terminals, occasionally looking up to --

INTRO -- THE BIG BOARD

This giant, high-tech mapping shows every foot of subway track and every moving train down to the accurate, space-age inch.

A BUZZER SOUNDS

And the massive board HIGHLIGHTS a section of track marked just NORTH OF WEST TREMONT in The Bronx.

DISPATCHER
Track down. West Tremont Southbound number seven.

THE TRAINMASTER IS RIGHT THERE

Over the CHIEF SCHEDULE MAKER'S shoulder.

TRAINMASTER
Fine fine. Where's Alice?

CHIEF SCHEDULE
She's right there. Next in line.

TRAINMASTER
Have her hold right where's she's at. Wait for further instructions. EMS!

THE CAMERA ROTATES TO INTRODUCE -- JUAREZ

He's a dispatcher being moved up to the EMS desk. The current EMS DISPATCHER is doing the training.

EMS DISPATCH
All services have been called to the platform. Fire in route.
(more)

EMS DISPATCH (Cont'd)
(then to Juarez)
Now what?

JUAREZ
(panicked)
Fire, EMS, then... Crap, I forget.

EMS DISPATCHER
Don't panic. This is the easy chair. Open the book and there it is. Patch in the City PD. Tell 'em to hold the line open for an All Points. What the book don't say is that if you call city PD to the scene you'll have some Transit Captain so far up your ass you'll want a transfer.

JUAREZ
Got it. I won't forget.

EMS DISPATCHER
No need to forget and it's never a test. Do everything by the book!

ENTER -- DEPUTY DIRECTOR LEECH

All eyes in the room swing as this Transit Authority (TA) bureaucrat is giving a tour to some visiting, foreign POLITICIANS. He flexes...

LEECH
Our revenues cover the billion dollar mark every year. And gentleman, you're talking to the single largest volume depositor to the Federal Reserve -- Me.
(to the Trainmaster)
What's on the board Al?

TRAINMASTER
Just another day at the races. Fire in a booth. Track down. And Alice waiting for instructions.
(whispers to Leech)
Hey Boss. You think this is the best time for the nickel tour?

LEECH
Actually, I can't think of a better opportunity to treat our foreign friends a little rock and roll.
(more)

(CONTINUED)

LEECH (Cont'd)
Show 'em just how efficient the New York Transit Authority is. Do me a favor, Arnie. Call up the van. Tell the platform crew we're on our way.

INT. DARKENED SUBWAY TUNNEL -- NICKY AND BOBBY

ENTERING from out of the smoke and fading platform lights are Bobby then Nicky. They divide the tunnel. One way left. The other way right. Each hugging a wall. Guns raised.

SNIFF SNIFF

Bobby holds.

BOBBY
You smell that?

NICKY
Yeah.

BOBBY
I got an idea.

A CIGARETTE LIGHTER

Appears in Bobby's hand. The tunnel glows. But the light drops off in no more than a twenty foot radius.

NICKY
So... ?

BOBBY
So watch this.

Bobby lowers the lighter to the trench. Skimming it along the gravel surface until.

GASOLINE IGNITES

Droplets on the ground. First one, leading to the next, then the next. Slowly. A trail. Barely enough fuel, it seems, to catch when --

WHOOSH!

The trail suddenly blazes into a lit fuse, racing forty feet down the tracks to a --

SCREAM! GAS CAN APPEARS FROM A HOLE IN THE WALL

His gas-soaked overcoat ablaze. He squeals and spins out of the jacket, which lays burning in a heap.

(CONTINUED)

BOBBY AND NICKY

Are upon Gas Can in a flash. He's pressed against the wall. Guns in his face.

GAS CAN
Coulda killed me, man. Coulda killed me!

INT. SAME TUNNEL -- BOBBY AND NICKY

Gas Can in cuffs, escorted safely by Bobby and Nicky when...

GRIFF (CONT'D)
Who done gone and turned off my power?

THE BOYS WHEEL -- GUNS OUT

To discover GRIFF. A coveralled line worker, sitting not ten feet away. He ignites a cigarette with a small, welding torch, revealing a lined face that rarely sees the sun.

NICKY
Gee whiz, if it isn't the Griffster.

BOBBY
Yo. The Griffmeister. Workin' hot today?

GRIFF
Aw, you know me. I likes me a good spark.

NICKY
Yeah, you're a regular Mr. Excitement.

GRIFF
At these prices, fellah needs all the adrenalin he can afford, know-what-I-mean?
(stands to get a closer look)
You the bad guy? You the one that's smokin' up my tunnel?

GAS CAN
I'm just los' man. Din't do shit to nobody.

GAS CAN SMILES

Revealing a set of horrible, snaggly teeth.

GRIFF
Hey. If this fellah done anythin' as ugly as his teeth, I'd give 'em twenty years.

BOBBY
Workin' on it. Let's go creep.

NICKY
Hey Griff. You wanna work hot, try Arizona.

GRIFF
Only in my dreams.

INT. SOUTHBOUND PLATFORM -- WEST TREMONT STATION -- LATER

Crime scene aftermath. COPS, FIREMEN, EMS PERSONNEL milling about the platform. More GAWKERS, eyeballing the scenery from behind yellow, police tape.

And while Nicky is over hobnobbing with the two assigned DETECTIVES...

BOBBY AND THE 2 UNIFORMS

They're lighting his cigarettes.

UNIFORM 1
Your partner, there. Looks like he wants on the gravy train.

BOBBY
Detective's gold shield. Yeah, well... It's not like a fellah don't deserve what he wants, know what I mean?

THEN -- DUCKING THROUGH THE POLICE TAPE APPEARS LEECH

His entourage of foreign guests held behind the line, he's looking for whoever's in charge.

LEECH
Who's in charge, here?

BOBBY
That depends. Who are you?

LEECH
Deputy Director Leech of the Metropolitan Transit Authority. And I want who's in charge.

(CONTINUED)

BOBBY
I guess you're in charge. Nobody here's got a title like that.

LAUGHS from the other cops.

LEECH
Fine. If I'm in charge, why isn't that train moving? They've got 'em backed up all the way to Cleveland.

BOBBY
On account that there's a stiff on the track and we're waiting for the M.E.

LEECH
All this for a dead body?
(turns in place)
MOVE THESE TRAINS!

BOBBY
Excuse me, Mr. Leak is it? Yeah. Me n' my partner got a perp on ice. Now, we get us some fiber transfers offa that stiff down there, we can make us a good murder collar. You move the body you're messin' with evidence.

Leech moves closer. And Nicky joins Bobby.

LEECH
What's your names?

NICKY
D'Enzo and Hoffman. What's this about?

LEECH
I'll make this simple. I'm gonna mess with your evidence. Because my trains don't stop for no dead body.

NICKY
Who says so --

LEECH
Your partner says so. I'm in charge. So you can take your medicine now or you can take if from your Captain in the morning. What's it gonna be?

Bobby moves WHISPER CLOSE to Leech. Nicky's there with him.

BOBBY
How's this? You go ahead and move the stiff. But you fuck up our collar, we'll find a way to fuck with you.

LEECH
I'd like to see you try.

BOBBY AND NICKY MOVE ON -- MEANWHILE

The body is lifted from the tracks and the train moves on while Leech, seemingly unfazed, GRABS A WALKIE-TALKIE.

LEECH
All clear. Bring on Alice.

TWO SHOT -- NICKY AND BOBBY HEADING UP THE STAIRS, BUT...

They hold and turn. Because they heard her name. Alice. Actually, the whole scene seems to come to a utter standstill as --

THE MONEY TRAIN ROLLS INTO THE STATION

The same rivet-ridden, armored car on rails the boys saw when younger. But battle scarred from years of service. Mesh over windows. This two car bitch GRINDS SLOWLY into the station and stops.

THE DOORS OPEN

And shotgun wielding GUARDS wearing bullet-proof vests form a short corridor between the money train and the demolished booth. One guard kicks through the wreckage, comes up with a charred CASH BOX, nods over to Leech before returning to the car. The guards withdraw. The doors close. And the money train pulls slowly out of the station.

NICKY
Alice. Fuckin' bitch, she don't stop for nobody.

BOBBY
Grave robbin' whore.

INT. DIVISION 73 -- ESTABLISHING -- NIGHT

A local precinct house for the Transit Police. This underground bomb shelter is typical in police station design, but with the occasional steel girder anchored from floor to ceiling.

(CONTINUED)

CLOSE ON -- A SODA MACHINE

A cute, Puerto Rican badge named LUCY feeds the machine and comes up with two Diet Cokes. THE CAMERA FOLLOWS HER through this underground maze to --

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM -- NIGHT

Bobby, Nicky, and that snaggle-toothed perp. Lucy ENTERS and serves up those Diet Cokes. First to Bobby...

LUCY
Got some cokes for our visiting cops.

BOBBY
Thanks, uh...
(her nametag)
Officer Chavez.

LUCY
Lucy.

And then she serves Nicky. But waits for him to give her some eye contact. He doesn't.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
Say thankyou to Officer Lucy.

NICKY
Oh yeah. Sorry. Thanks Lucy.

LUCY
And here's a coat I pulled from Lost and Found. You looked kinda cold when you came in.

Now, Nicky looks. Eye contact. A definite, yet brief bit of sizzle. Then Lucy EXITS and it's back to business.

GAS CAN
Sweet honey like that coulda brought me a Diet Coke. Whooey.

NICKY
Keep your mind on the subject.
(cues from his notes)
"You saw my gun..."

GAS CAN
Yeah. What I said, man. I saw his gun. And I run. That's the jungle, baby. Tha's all.

(CONTINUED)

BOBBY
Tha's all. Tha's all? So what about the poor schmuck you pushed in front of the train?

GAS CAN
Don't know nothin' about no guy on no tracks. No sir. But I bet it was Officer Blondie here that pushed him.
(straightens up)
See that wallet there? I cop to that. I stole it to get my gas money, see? I cop to that one.

NICKY
This wallet. The one we took off you on the platform.

GAS CAN
Like I says, I cop to that one. I took it, yeah. But that just Grand Larceny, see? They gimme thirty days at Riker's for that. Hot meals 'n I get my teeth fixed.

NICKY
You burned that token booth and pushed that guy into a train. That's murder, friend. That's time.

GAS CAN
Don't think so. I'll take the larceny, man. My teeth need fixin' bad.

Nicky tosses his pen. A look over to Bobby who stares and stares until the perp looks away.

BOBBY
He's right, you know. He'll cop and that's all he gets. Thirty at Rikers. Get his fuckin' teeth fixed... I mean, why bother?
(to the perp)
Right? Am I right?

GAS CAN
Yeah. Sure. Right.

BOBBY
Gimme your wrist.
(stands with handcuff keys)

NICKY
What're you doin', Bobby?

BOBBY
Think I'm gonna waste a day in court so this asshole can get his teeth fixed?

NICKY
Bobby --

CRUNCH! From out of nowhere Bobby drops a hammer-fisted right hand across the perp's jaw. Blood spits on the floor.

BOBBY
See there. I fixed 'em for free.

Bobby kicks the chair and EXITS.

EXT. DARKENED STREET -- THE BRONX -- NICKY AND BOBBY -- NIGHT

It's cold as hell and Bobby's walking. Nicky's playing catch up.

BOBBY
Fuck the collar and fuck that cocksucker, TA butthole -- what's his fuckin' name?

NICKY
Leech... You figuring on catching a ride in this part of the Bronx? It's Goddamn cold, Bobby. And Brooklyn's back thataway. C'mon, let's get a train.

BOBBY
I'm feelin' the undertow. I don't know if it's the subway or my wife. But it's pulling me back under. Wait. You smell that?

NICKY
Smell what?

BOBBY
Bourbon.

Bobby's found a CORNER BAR. He's already up the stoop and in the door. What can Nicky do but follow?

EXT. BOBBY'S PORCH STOOP -- BROOKLYN -- NIGHT

Nicky delivers Bobby to the man's own steps. Both are looped, but at least Nicky's standing and reaching for the doorbell.

BOBBY
Don't leave me. I can't stand up. Just talk to me, will ya?

NICKY
Talk to ya... What about?

BOBBY
Anything. Tell me about that redhead you were jumping.

NICKY
How about this. I forgot all about it. Here.

CLOSE ON -- A SUBWAY TOKEN

Nicky pulls from his pocket. Places it in Bobby's palm.

BOBBY
So. It's a token... big ol' token. Where'd you get this antique?

NICKY
No antique. Brand new token. Some guy I know from Newsday passed it to me. Said the city sent 'em around to show that they're serious about the rate hike. Got twenty million of these in a warehouse in Jersey.

BOBBY
Gonna have to re-tool all the wheels. What a bitch...

NICKY
Yeah, but get this. I know this other guy. Detective guy. This warehouse in Jersey? Where they got all the new tokens? Says the building's empty. It's all shit. Just some kinda scam to keep the commuters from hoarding just before the rate hike.

BOBBY
Ss-mart. TA saves money on the wheels and makes a killing after the prices go up.

(CONTINUED)

NICKY
Now what about Christmastime? What if some bad guy was to tell the fellah at Newsday what he knows about the warehouse in Jersey... By New Years Eve, everybody'd be buying like a house-a- fire. Could be a twenty-million dollar take.

BOBBY
Wait a minute. Are you makin' a play? I'm fuckin' drunk and now you make a play? You're tryin' to take advantage of the situation.

NICKY
You wanted to talk.

BOBBY
Okay. Make your play. Let's start with how a bad guy sticks it into old Alice?

And the game begins. Bobby and Nicky talking in their own SHORTHAND.

NICKY
ONA. Officer Needs Assistance.

BOBBY
Guards.

NICKY
Red Line local. Deep downtown. Low speed rail failure at South Ferry. RTO stops traffic and lets Alice fill her purse from the Northbound platform. Chambers Street, for example. That's an eight minute run.

BOBBY
Eight minutes to steal twenty million? I'm fuckin' blotto and I still see your flaw --

NICKY
Motorman's blind. Bad guy on the train orders it up half a stop. And who's waiting but the bad guy's partner with a lift-loader. That's twenty million up one of those World's Trade Center vent shafts to a U-Haul.

(CONTINUED)

BOBBY
Time?

NICKY
Eight minutes for the run.
Minimum ten for the response.
That's eighteen minutes to get on
the open road. Nearly a million
a minute. Then it's back to work
on Monday.

BOBBY
... back to work on Monday.
Right. Help me up.

Nicky tries, but Bobby slides right back down to the stoop.

NICKY
I'm ringing the doorbell.

BOBBY
Don't fuckin' think about it.

NICKY
I'm not thinking about it. I'm
doing it. Time to face the music.
(rings the bell)
You get me an answer on that play.
By Monday.

BOBBY
C'mere, Nicky hey... Come close...
Hey... I ever ask you if you
remember the Third Avenue L.

NICKY
About a million times.

BOBBY
My ol' man says he took me on it
when I was three... Fuck if I can
remember.

NICKY
You never could. I'm making a run
for it, now. You're on your own.
I'd kiss some ass t'night if I was
you.

Nicky RINGS THE BELL and heads off.

BOBBY
Aw, blow me... You Judas fuck...
(exhales and then...)
Five, four, three --

WHUMP! The door opens and Bobby falls straight backward, slaps his head on the false marble and...

BOBBY'S POV -- FROM THE GROUND

His wife, LAURA. Joined shortly by his two children, twelve year old ADAM and ten year old ELIZABETH.

ELIZABETH
Daddy's drunk again.

LAURA
Adam. Get his feet.

EXT. NICKY'S HOUSE -- BROOKLYN -- ESTABLISHING -- MORNING

One of those olden neighborhoods with houses standing side by side by side by side...

INT. BEDROOM -- NICKY'S HOUSE -- MORNING

Dead asleep, Nicky wakes to a gun muzzle as it caresses his earlobe. At first he wants to swat it away, then Nicky JOLTS upright.

NICKY
You sonofabitch!

BOBBY
Door was unlocked. For all you know I coulda been a perp.

NICKY
Yeah... So what. Perp woulda let me sleep... Or better yet. Killed me and saved me a hangover.

BOBBY
Now what would a Transit detective figure? Unlocked door. Careless homeowner. Maybe the homeowner was under the influence.

NICKY
Where's my watch?

BOBBY
Or... A robbery.

NICKY
Here it is...
(finds his watch)
Afternoon? Why didn't you call and wake me?

(CONTINUED)

CLOSE ON -- A PAIR OF WOMEN'S UNDERWEAR

As Bobby hooks them over his gun muzzle and lifts them into view.

BOBBY
A woman, I think. But who, the detective would ask? Was she seduced? Or was her speedy exit merely an escape of some sort? But first the detective would call the FD and sweep for hair samples. Check for body fluids.

NICKY
Cut to the chase. Forensics would find fluids exchanged and female hair fibers. Red hair fibers. And what's that tell you?

BOBBY
You fucked an orangutan. I don't know. You're the one who wants the gold shield...wants to wear a fuckin' suit --

NICKY
You started this. So finish it. Evidence. Look around.

BOBBY
Everything looks normal. Typical bachelor cop's house. No cosmetics on the bureau. No pantyhose hanging over a chair. Over here, yeah. Cop's stuff left intact. One gun. One extra clip. One setta cuffs...

NICKY
Cuffs?

CLOSE ON -- NICKY

Seated upright in bed. And pulling a pillow away to reveal his RIGHT WRIST HANDCUFFED to the wrought iron. Nicky RATTLES it.

BOBBY
Two sets of cuffs. What cop has two sets of cuffs unless... not your cuffs?

NICKY
No shit.

(CONTINUED)

BOBBY
... A cop? You're bangin' a stinkin' cop?

INT. SUBWAYS -- OVERHEAD SHOT -- TRANSITION

Two trains, side by side. They rock and roll, dividing at a tunnel split. Leaving sparks and screaming steel in their wake.

INT. SUBWAY CAR -- IN MOTION

Disguises. Nicky in black and curled sideburns as a Hasidic jeweler. And Bobby as a Time's Square hustler -- all faked gold and Gucci...

BUT STILL -- THEY WHISPER

Communicating through the miracle of electronics. Making due with their boredom.

BOBBY
I was thinking about your last play. Eighteen minutes gets you twenty million. Not bad. But RTO's got that new board. The hitch is, they'd have you pinned to Alice in nothin' flat. Sure, you're on the truck and PD is slow, but you forget, it's New Years fuckin' Eve. Nothin' moves, partner. Eighteen minutes buys you what? Two blocks? First thing they'd be looking for is a big truck stuck on Broadway.

NICKY
Fair enough. It's your play, then.

BOBBY
Ever ride in a limousine? On my wedding day, my father-in-law, cheap sonofabitch he is, coughed up and paid for one of them white stretch jobs. Coulda fit a football team in it. I figure a coupla those'd make a bad guy's haul. And on New Years Eve? Hell, the streets are full of 'em. Who'd know to go lookin' for somethin' like that?

(CONTINUED)

NICKY
We're gettin' nowheres, here. How about some lunch?

INT. 42ND ST. MOVIE THEATER -- DAY

Bobby and Nicky eating lunch. One seat between them holds a pile of greasy, Times Square eats while some B Movie plays against a rain-buckled screen.

Two Bleeker Street FILM STUDENTS arrive late to the show and sit directly in front of Bobby and Nicky, despite the near vacancy of the moviehouse. And they BEGIN TO TALK.

NICKY
Shhh. Will ya?

One of them barely gives Nicky a glance before he turns back to the screen and resumes the talk-fest.

NICKY (CONT'D)
Excuse me. I said would you mind holding it down?

Then Bobby, leans forward very smoothly and, DRAWING HIS 9MM, places the cold muzzle under the TALKER'S CHIN.

BOBBY
You been asked nice. Now why don't you shut the fuck up and watch the movie. How's about that?

Bobby leans back, pleased with himself. Nicky can count the seconds before the students break for the nearest EXIT.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
Works every time.

NICKY
One of these days, Bobby. And he's gonna be another cop.

BOBBY
You were about to make a play.

NICKY
Right...
(crunching on a pickle)
What you were sayin' the other day. About the new board they got over at the RTO. It really don't matter how the bad guy figures to move the purse.
(more)

NICKY (Cont'd)
Once they got themselves a bead on Alice, they gotta chance to rope the bad guy with a perimeter call. So what, it's New Years Eve. That's twenty million they dropped to a bad guy. Maybe they hang a rope with a ten block radius. Cars ain't movin', just like you said. So why not do a search on some limousines? Hell, I know some city cops do that just to get a looksee at what's inside.

BOBBY
So what's your play?

NICKY
Torch the main box. All that fiber optics to the system draws into one place, right? RTO building. Then the bad guy does like those insurance scams up in East Harlem. Set a gas bomb off by some kinda remote. Melts all the fiber optics...

BOBBY
RTO'd be flyin' blind.

NICKY
Remember when they first got the system up? They lost picture and had to evac the whole system. Took 'em more than an hour. Now, if the bad guy had Alice at gunpoint, he could tell her to go just about anywhere he damn well pleased.

BOBBY
Still doesn't tell me where to stash the purse.

NICKY
C'mon, it's a good one. You know it's a good one.

BOBBY
Play's still on, partner. And the ball's in your court.

INT. SUBWAY PLATFORM -- DAY

Another day. Another crime scene. Bobby and Nicky, gaining help from some UNIFORMED COPS, have FOUR PERPS laying face down on the platform. Nicky applies plastic wire-ties for cuffs when a uniform PATROLMAN APPEARS with what looks like a jacket, hung out from the end of his baton as if it were nuclear waste.

PATROLMAN
Looks like this one found the wrong end of the poop chute.

NICKY
Yeah, yeah. I chased one of these bugs into a hole that had a bad smell. What ya do for love, huh? Toss it, will ya?

The jacket is dumped into the nearest trash can. Meanwhile...

BOBBY
I'm gonna head back and start the paper. You got it handled? Need anything?

NICKY
Need your jacket. I'm gonna be cold down here.

BOBBY
If I had ten bucks for every jacket --

BOBBY STALLS -- HIS EYES LIFT

Because here she comes. Alice. A STEEL RUMBLE as she rolls through in SLOW MOTION. Nicky's watching, too. So are those uniforms. And then she's gone.

BOBBY
I'll see you back on campus.

Bobby EXITS. Leaving Nicky to clean up what's left of the crime scene.

NICKY
But Bobby. Your <u>jacket</u>...

But he's already gone. Nicky stands, shivering cold. Turning a full three-sixty before he dares himself to...

NICKY'S POV -- THE TRASH CAN

And in it, his jacket. Lifted by two GARBAGEMEN and dumping it into a metal, roll-off.

The cannister is replaced with a LOUD CLANG and those garbagemen are back onto what's known as THE GARBAGE TRAIN. The train pulls away.

INT. BEDROOM -- NICKY'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

2:54 AM. Nicky can't sleep. He slides naked from his bed while a faceless redhead rolls over with a groan.

CLOSE ON -- A TRANSIT POLICE BOOKING SLIP

That Nicky unfolds and spreads out onto a cluttered desk. Turning it over to the blank side, pen in hand, Nicky scribbles.

APPEARING FROM BEHIND NICKY -- OFFICER LUCY CHAVEZ

The cop. Naked and pulling a blanket around her, she leans close.

LUCY
What's doin'?

NICKY
Not much.

LUCY
Let's see not much.
(reading over his shoulder)
Alice? Who's Alice?

NICKY
What? You jealous?

LUCY
I haven't seen her yet.

NICKY
Alice. Otherwise known as the revenue train.

LUCY
The money train? No kidding? And what's this? You makin' some kinda plan to knock it over?

NICKY
Actually. Yes.

He let's this one lay. Swinging his chair around to look at her full on. She holds, slack-jawed in shock.

(CONTINUED)

NICKY (CONT'D)
It's just a game. Somethin' Bobby 'n me cooked up years ago. Just to make up for on the job boredom. Started back when we was walkin' a beat.

LUCY
So how do you play?

NICKY
Simple. I make a play. Bobby finds the flaw. Bobby puts on a play. I find the flaw. And, baby, it's a Goddamn endless because there is always a flaw.

LUCY
(sits on his lap)
Can girl's play? Please don't tell me girl's can't play.

NICKY
Nope. Two man game with two man rules.

LUCY
What rules? I'd come in with the freakin' Testosterone Unit and it's over like that.
(snaps her fingers)

NICKY
Rule one. Two bad guys, me 'n Bobby. Rule two. Nobody knows it's us. Rule three. No violence, nobody gets hurt. And rule four --

LUCY
No girls.

NICKY
No. Rule four is back to work on Monday.

LUCY
Impossible. Can't be done.

NICKY
That' why it's a game. Because there's --

(CONTINUED)

LUCY
-- always a flaw. Yeah, well, anybody ever did up and knock over that train, guess I'd be the cop to make the collar, if you know what I mean?

NICKY
Oh yeah?

LUCY
Oh yeah.

And they kiss, teasing the other into a full on clinch.

THE CAMERA MOVES TO -- THE WINDOW

Revealing the season's first snowfall.

INT. BOBBY'S HOUSE -- KITCHEN -- NIGHT

Where Bobby's alone and cooking a Hanukkah dinner of Swedish meatballs. For all his appearance, this guy keeps an organized kitchen. Ingredients at the ready on the counter. Oven door open and ready for the casserole dish when --

LAURA -- ENTERS THROUGH THE KITCHEN DOOR

But she holds a beat, choosing to hang her overcoat before shutting the damn door.

BOBBY
You wanna shut the door? I got the oven open, here.

LAURA
What. Are those meatballs? Don't tell me you doing Italian for Hanukkah?

BOBBY
Swedish meatballs...
(putting on a smile)
Hey, I thought we were doin' dinner like we used to. You know, I do the meatballs, you do the noodles.

LAURA
I'm sorry I'm late... But Swedish meatballs? Bobby. For Hanukkah?

BOBBY
It was either this or pig's feet so... Swedish meatballs.

(CONTINUED)

LAURA
Swedish meatballs.

BOBBY
Yeah. I'm cookin' Swedish fuckin' meatballs. Happy Hanukkah.

LAURA
Well, I'm fuckin' a Polish cop. So happy Hanukkah to you.

Direct hit. Bobby looks at her for the very first time since she's appeared. Hold a beat.

BOBBY
Don't mess with me, Laura. Not tonight.

And with all she can muster...

LAURA
I wouldn't think of it.

No, she wouldn't. This is for real. And just when Bobby gets it -- the DOORBELL RINGS.

WIDE SHOT -- THE KITCHEN

And hold on the both of them. Reality sinking, sinking...

INT. BOBBY'S HOUSE -- FRONT DOOR

The door swings open to Nicky and Lucy. Wine and gifts in hand. Smiles on their faces.

NICKY/LUCY
HAPPY HANUKKAH!!!!

CUT TO -- BOBBY

Holding the door. He forces a smile and saves face with...

BOBBY
Two cops, hon. Two Gentile cops. And on Hanukkah, no less. Who invited them?

Laura APPEARS, all smiles as if nothing were wrong. She extends a hand to Lucy.

LAURA
You must be Lucy. I'm Laura. Please, come in.

INT. DINING ROOM -- BOBBY'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

SCREAMING. The children, Nicky and Lucy silently pick at their dessert while Bobby and Laura engage in a VERBAL MELTDOWN in the kitchen.

CLOSE ON - ELIZABETH

Looking to Uncle Nicky for help. He winks at her.

NICKY
Don't worry, sweetie. Uncle Nicky'll fix it.
(stands and kisses Lucy)
Don't call for back up. Not just yet.

INT. KITCHEN -- BOBBY'S HOUSE

Nicky ENTERS to find Laura cowering near the sink and Bobby, fists clenched and close to striking her. But the shouting stops.

NICKY
Listen... The two of you got a problem, well maybe we should sit down and talk about it, huh?

LAURA
Take him downstairs, Nicky. He's had too much to drink.

BOBBY
Had too much of you, lady.

NICKY
You touch her, Bobby, I'll cuff you.

BOBBY
Yeah? You'll cuff me and then what?

NICKY
Let's play some nine ball. C'mon, I'll pour you a bourbon and let you win.

And slowly, Bobby's fists unclench. He eases. Moves along with Nicky.

BOBBY
Win, my ass...

INT. BASEMENT -- BOBBY'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

A poor man's billiard room. A coin-op pool table and a chintzy bar in the corner. CRACK! Bobby breaks a nine-ball set with explosive power. And Nicky pours Bobby a bourbon.

BOBBY
You know, I wasn't gonna hit her. Hell if I didn't want to. But I've never hit her, Nicky. Never.

NICKY
So you wanna talk about it?

BOBBY
What's to talk about? She's fuckin' some other guy and, get this... He's regular PD.
(another shot)
I mean, at least she coulda gone underground, you know. Done it with a fuckin' motorman for all I care. But regular PD?

Nicky's floored. He thought they had something. He still does.

NICKY
I don't know what to say, Bobby. I'm really sorry. I didn't there was any trouble --

BOBBY
No trouble, partner. It's called a fuckin' marriage. You got your same old, same old. Your dental bills, your not so fuckin' great insurance coverage, blah blah and blah... Oh yeah. And you got your infidelities, right?

NICKY
I've never known you to mess around on Laura.

BOBBY
Well, if the sad truth be known, I haven't. Seems I figured to get my extra-curricular jollies outta the weekly events in my partner's love life... Like Alice, you know? A little fantasy goes along way to kill the monotony. I mean, ain't that so?

(CONTINUED)

NICKY
Alice... Yeah, I guess so.
(switching gears)
Hey, I finished that play. Wanna see?

CUT TO -- OVERHEAD SHOT -- THE POOL TABLE

As Nicky rearranges the balls to help describe the play.

NICKY (CONT'D)
Derailment here. Alice here. But who follows Alice?

Nicky looks up to find Bobby only mildly distracted until...

NICKY (CONT'D)
The garbage train...
(big smile)

BOBBY
The cash and trash run.

NICKY
So let's review...

THE CAMERA FLOATS OVER TO THE BASEMENT WINDOW

Where OUTSIDE, "God Rest Ye Merry Gentlemen" is HEARD through this basement eye view of CHRISTMAS CAROLERS making their way up the street.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BASEMENT -- LATER

With his open hand, Nicky GESTURES across the strange configuration he's laid out on the pool table.

NICKY
... all the way to the city dump. And from there, it's back to work on Monday.

SUDDENLY -- A HORRIBLE SILENCE

A frozen moment in time. Because maybe, for the first time, THEY BOTH REALIZE this is the <u>real fucking thing</u>. Real and tangible and scary and...

NICKY
I gotta go. Lucy's been up there awhile and --

BOBBY
What are you scared of?

NICKY
Scared what? It's late. We gotta work tomorrow.

BOBBY
(steps closer)
I say we do it.

NICKY
Be serious. You're just too dazzled to think straight. You hadda night.

BOBBY
It's perfect. We should do this. You know it and I know it.

NICKY
It's a game. Best we keep it that way or quit for good.

BOBBY
Fine. I quit. How about you? Let's do it and get it done with.

NICKY
And then what? Back to work on Monday? It's a game, for Christ's sake! You're outta your mind.

BOBBY
What's the use of fantasy if you don't make it real? There's nothin' left for me, here. What's left for you?

NICKY
Just about everything you got and wanna piss away.

BOBBY
I got shit and you know it.
(closer)
She's ripe, Nicky. All we gotta do is take her.

NICKY
There's always a flaw, partner. Do us both a favor and find it before we both live to regret it.

Nicky brushes past Bobby and is up the stairs.

EXT. QUICK SHOTS -- MANHATTAN -- DAY

Holidays. Remnants of Christmas displays. And a light snow...

EXT. EAST 42ND ST. SUBWAY EXIT -- DAY

The wind is whipping up. Nicky EXITS the subway stairwell, looks both ways then crosses the street to a corner bar.

INT. OPEN ALL NIGHT BAR -- DAY

Nicky ENTERS, nods to the familiar BARTENDER.

BARTENDER
Drinking his lunch. Want me to send you something back?

NICKY
No thanks.

AT A BOOTH, NICKY FINDS BOBBY

Double-bourbon in hand, Bobby been staring at the wall-mounted TV. Nicky slides in.

NICKY
Not surprised to find you here. Captain's on a warpath so Rich is putting together one of his ass kissing crime nets for Penn Station. Twelve hours of chain grabbers and purse snatchers. Whaddayou say we call in a sick day save us the paper work?

BOBBY
Don't think so. Got some of your paperwork of your own due.

In front of Bobby lays an open envelope. He pushes it across to Nicky.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
Sorry I opened it. The excitement was killing me.

Nicky opens the letter. Starts to read.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
Congratulations. You're a detective. Gonna get a gold shield and everything... Yo, Mario! Wanna bring us over a coupla bourbons.

NICKY
Sonofabitch. I made it...

Silence. As they both realize. This is the end of their partnership.

BOBBY
Hey, don't look thrilled or anything. It's what you wanted. I'm happy for you.

NICKY
You could do it to, Bobby. We could stay partners.

BOBBY
And wear a fuckin' suit? Not a chance. Too much oxygen topside. You know me, Nick. I need that undertow.

NICKY
You could use the money.

BOBBY
Yeah, well. Laura's goin' back to work. We been talkin' about stuff, you know. Counseling, that sorta thing. PD pays for the shrink. So I say, why not take advantage.

NICKY
We could double on New Years. The four of us. You 'n Laura. Me 'n Lucy.

BOBBY
Like when we did those twins. The two of us up in the Poconos? Remember?

They LAUGH. A comic memory that's best kept a secret.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
So we'll see about New Years...
(stands)
How about it?

NICKY
How about what?

BOBBY
J Street. I wanna see that gold shield. Let's go get it, partner!

NICKY
Well, okay.

Nicky needs Bobby's approval. And this looks to be it. Bobby throws an arm around Nicky's neck and is about to lead him to the exit when --

BOBBY
Wait... Hey, turn it up.

CLOSE ON -- THE TV

As the VOLUME INCREASES. A news REPORTER stands in front of a warehouse.

REPORTER
Jane, I'm standing in front of a warehouse in West Franklin, New Jersey. A warehouse that the TA Deputy Director Edwin Leech has long claimed contained forty million, newly sized tokens due for sale on New Years day along with that twenty-five cent fare increase. But this reporter has confirmed that the only thing stored in this storehouse is a cache of New York bull. There <u>are</u> no new tokens...

BOBBY
Lookit that, Nicky. Guess your secret's out.

NICKY
Son of a gun...

INT. FOURTH FLOOR -- TRANSIT PD HQ -- J STREET, BROOKLYN -- DAY

The elevator doors OPEN and out step Nicky and Bobby on their way to pick up that gold shield when...

DEPUTY DIRECTOR LEECH

He APPEARS from a doorway with an ENTOURAGE. Crossing the marbled hallway toward that open elevator --

BOBBY
Lookee here, it's the prick parade.

NICKY
Sssshhh. Watch this one.
(wheels)
YO, MR. LEECH!

As someone holds the elevator doors for him, Leech stops and turns.

CLOSE ON -- NICKY'S PANTS POCKET

Nicky's hand slips inside and JANGLES a handful of tokens loudly.

AND CLOSE ON -- LEECH

As he takes a hateful step forward

LEECH
D'Enzo, isn't it. D'Enzo and Hoffman?

CUT TO -- BOTH OF THEM

Nicky and Bobby. Perverse grins on their faces as they JANGLE JANGLE JANGLE those tokens.

AND LEECH?

He EXITS, stepping into the elevator with that TOKEN JANGLING getting louder and louder and LOUDER...

INT. SUBWAY MONTAGE -- DAY

CLOSE SHOTS -- Tokens JANGLE through carrier trays as Token sellers try to keep up with the BUYING HYSTERIA.

CLOSE SHOTS -- Afternoon editions of NY POSTS with headlines trumpeting "BUY BUY BUY" and NEWSDAY READING "MISS THE DATE, YOU'LL BE TOO LATE."

CLOSE SHOTS -- Cash, cash, and more cash. Stuffed into booth boxes. Rubber banded and stacked. Piles of the stuff.

EXT. LITTLE ITALY -- MULBERRY STREET -- NEW YEARS EVE -- NIGHT

The CAMERA CRANES from the bustling traffic of East Broadway over to one of the many sidestreets clustered with Italian Restaurants seemingly unchanged since the nineteen-forties.

INT. PUGLIA'S RESTAURANT -- NIGHT

Closed for a private New Years party. Middle aged WAITERS speed through this room crowded with TRANSIT COPS and their spouses, pouring Chianti and serving fried calamari.

THE CAMERA SETTLES ON -- NICKY AND LUCY

As they ENTER, Nicky holds at the door.

NICKY
Sure you wanna do this? You know what they say when cops date?

LUCY
Gee, Nicky. I thought we were only fucking each other.

NICKY
Well then, you have nothing to worry about. How about we find Bobby and Laura.

INT. CHEAP HOTEL ROOM -- NIGHT

A laundry package is tossed onto the bed. The wrapping removed like a Christmas gift to reveal A TRANSIT POLICEMAN'S UNIFORM, complete with a badge and nametag, reading: "K.MACARTHY"

THE CAMERA TILTS TO REVEAL -- BOBBY

He's obviously not at the party, but here instead where he stands naked and dripping wet from a shower. Bobby starts to dress.

INT. 59TH ST. PLATFORM -- NIGHT

A YOUNG COUPLE hurries through the turnstiles, pushing for the platform. HE checks his watch.

HE
We're not gonna make it.

SHE
Just turn your watch back. Then you can kiss me in bed.

SQUEALING BRAKES

As a BROADWAY LOCAL stops and throws open its doors. The young couple shovels themselves onto the jam-packed car and they're off.

EXT. TIMES SQUARE -- NIGHT

Madness. A zillion people shoulder to shoulder. All watching that STUPID BALL dropping ever-so-damn slowly and counting...

INT. PUGLIA'S RESTAURANT -- NIGHT

And counting...

EVERYBODY
Five... four... three... two...

INT. SUBWAY TUNNEL -- NORTHBOUND EXPRESS

The train rumbles through a turn.

EXT. TIMES SQUARE

And that stupid ball hits bottom, IGNITING A SIGN READING: "HAPPY NEW YEAR" The crowd ROARS.

INT. PUGLIA'S RESTAURANT

At the sound of midnight, YELLS and BELLS and HORNS.

NICKY AND LUCY

He looks lost.

NICKY
I can't believe it. Where the hell's Bobby?

LUCY
Nicky. Forget Bobby. It's New Years! Kiss me.

She pulls herself up to him and kisses him. In the middle of the dance floor they hold in this clinch as...

INT. SUBWAY CAR -- IN MOTION -- BROADWAY LOCAL

Celebration here, too. Shouting and screaming and...

THE YOUNG COUPLE

They give it up. No turning the clock back now. They kiss as...

INT. SUBWAY TUNNEL

The train HURTLING TOWARD CAMERA, which drops to REVEAL THE SHUDDERING TRACK and a ten yard length of TIE BOLTS loosened from their fittings and --

THE STEEL WHEELS

Spark and lose the rails. The front car pitches and --

(CONTINUED)

REAR SHOT -- WIDE

As the train jumps ACROSS THE EXPRESS TRACK.

INT. THE SUBWAY CAR

Passengers SCREAM as they're thrown every which way.

INT. SUBWAY TUNNEL -- FRONT SHOT -- WIDE

More sparks as the train bucks its way to a dead stop. Dust settles.

INT. RTO COMMAND

On the board, BELLS AND LIGHTS SOUND as the CAMERA HURTLES down a line of DISPATCHERS.

DISPATCHER 1
Train derailment! Broadway Local, 72nd Streets North!

DISPATCHER 2
That's affirmative. EMS!

SWISH PAN SHOT TO -- JUAREZ!

His first night solo. And now this?

TRAINMASTER
EMS!

JUAREZ
Yes, uh... I got it. I got it...

TRAINMASTER
C'mon, Juarez. Just patch it through to fire and medical. Page 48. Hup two it.
(back to the board)
Okay, okay. It's only a local. How fast was she goin'?

DISPATCH 3
Motorman says, not too fast. Says he crossed the express track.

TRAINMASTER
Aw, hell. Put on the alarm. Hold all traffic until we get some visuals down there. And re-route what you can.
(more)

(CONTINUED)

TRAINMASTER (Cont'd)
Find me a coupla work crews and get 'em down there pronto.
(wheels a one-eighty)
And while I'm at it, where's Alice?

REVENUE DISPATCHER
Four stops behind the dead local. I can hold her at Columbus Circle.

TRAINMASTER
That's fine. But not on the platform. Let's keep to the book. Roll her up into a tunnel and wait for orders... Jesus Christ. Happy fucking New Year.

INT. SUBWAY TUNNEL -- ABANDONED PLATFORM

And it's here where Alice slows to a stop. Two cars long and sitting like a shark stalled in the water at this long forgotten platform.

INT. MONEY TRAIN

The CAMERA GLIDES from forward to aft. At first, THE COUNTING CAR, where a Revenue Officer named ROSIE supervises the separation of cash and accounts to the SOUND OF NAT KING COLE'S CHRISTMAS playing over a small boom box. Then there's the rear, GUARD CAR, where those wheeled, metal bins called ROLL-OFFS are parked like shopping carts for those SIX ARMED GUARDS who are benched and CHATTING amongst themselves. When --

GUNSHOTS SOUND!

Rapid fire. The guards JUMP. Shotgun ready formation!

POV -- THROUGH THE MESH WINDOWS

A shadowed figure stumbles backward onto the darkened platform and falls. Back arched and SCREAMING.

GUARD
Got a man down on the platform!

Rosie BURSTS into the guard car.

ROSIE
Keep the doors closed!
Flashlight!

(CONTINUED)

She's handed a flashlight which she quickly points out the window. The beam lights the distanced and writhing figure. Catching the gleam of --

A COPS BADGE!

GUARD
It's a cop!

ROSIE
(the intercom button)
Motorman. Open the doors! Okay, fellahs, draw me a formation to the downed officer!

CUT TO -- THE MOTORMAN'S COMPARTMENT

A tiny space, where the DRIVER IS BLIND to any action in the rear. All he can see are the tracks before him. The MOTORMAN opens the doors with A LEVER.

EXT. ABANDONED SUBWAY PLATFORM

The money train doors open. And just like they were collecting from a booth, a shotgun corridor is drawn with those guards. Meanwhile, Rosie rushes over to...

THE DOWNED COP -- BOBBY IN DISGUISE

A flashlight to reveals Bobby's mustached face covered in blood. And his nametag to read, "K. MACARTHY."

BOBBY
... chasing a perp... snuck up and I guess he popped me good --
(spits blood)

ROSIE
It's okay, buddy. We're calling EMS. Have you fixed up in no-time.
(orders)
Somebody get his feet! And pull back to the train. Let's go!

INT. RTO COMMAND -- REVENUE DISPATCHER -- NIGHT

REVENUE DISPATCHER
I got a request from Alice for EMS at her next stop. Looks like they picked up an injured cop.

(CONTINUED)

TRAINMASTER
They what?
(plugs in)
Rosie? This is Arnold. You picked up a what?

SWISH PAN AGAIN TO -- JUAREZ!

Who fumbles at the book, shuffles his papers then looks up to the board.

TRAINMASTER
Page 52. Officer Needs Assistance.

JUAREZ
ONA, ONA, ONA... Here it is!
(finds his page)
Okay. This is RTO Command. Officer Need Assistance! Requesting emergency medical to 66th St. Station... Which platform? I dunno yet...

TRAINMASTER
All dispatchers, plotting new solutions. Hold all traffic and get Alice on the Southbound track. She can make her next four pickups from the Southbound platforms.
(turns to Juarez)
You got that George?

JUAREZ
That's emergency medical to the Southbound 66th St. platform...

INT. SUBWAY TUNNEL -- MONEY TRAIN

Bobby lays on the floor of the guard car. When Rosie tries to get a look at his wounds, he jerks and SCREAMS.

ROSIE
Don't you worry. They drawin' us a new route and there's gonna be a paramedic team waiting just for you. Just hold on...

Rosie squints as SUDDEN GLARE IGNITES THE CAR. She looks up to find --

THE GARBAGE TRAIN

Rolling up on the rear of the money train. It stalls and waits.

INT. RTO COMMAND -- NIGHT

The Trainmaster, stepping closer to the board, seems to have asked the same question.

REVENUE DISPATCH
Garbage train. Shall I plot it the same solution as Alice?

TRAINMASTER
Why not. Make all those folks waiting on platforms think we care as much about our garbage collection as our cash...

LAUGHS from the dispatchers.

REVENUE DISPATCH
Alice. This is dispatch. We're switching you to Southbound tracks at about a hundred yards. Continue North for your next four pick-ups and then we'll switch you back for the home leg.
(switches channel)
Garbage train...

INT. MONEY TRAIN -- THE GUARD CAR

As the train begins to move...

ROSIE
Okay, you heard the man. That means we'll be picking up those Northbound booths from the Southbound platforms. So put on your walkin' shoes.
(kneels to Bobby)
Two minutes and you'll be on your way to a better New Year.

ON -- BOBBY'S EYES

As if to say "if she only knew."

INT. SUBWAY TUNNEL -- UPTOWN

A track switches as the Money Train eases left over onto Southbound tracks. And, as garbage train FOLLOWS...

REVEAL ON -- GRIFF

Nervously at the helm.

INT. 66TH ST. PLATFORM

The Money Train stops. The doors open and --

ROSIE
Okay, I want the whole of y'all. Over the top to the other platform. You got five minutes. Let's go.

And out go the SIX GUARDS. Onto the crowded platform and disappearing up the stairs.

CLOSE ON -- ROSIE

Standing at the open doors, looking for...

ROSIE
Now where the hell are the paramedics?

BOBBY (O.S.)
Shut the door.

CLOSE ON -- BOBBY'S 9MM

As the muzzle eases into her rib cage as Bobby relieves Rosie of her sidearm.

BOBBY
Don't make me repeat myself. I said close the fuckin' door.

CUT TO -- THE INTERCOM BUTTON

Rosie talks to the motorman.

ROSIE
Shut the doors please.

WHOOSH! The doors shut.

BOBBY
Onto your next stop. Tell 'em you're gonna double back for pick-up. Do it!

ROSIE
Motorman... We're gonna double back for pick up. 72nd St, please.

The train moves.

(CONTINUED)

CUT TO -- THE CASH CAR -- IN MOTION

Rosie binds and gags the TWO CASH OFFICERS with strapping tape and plastic wire-ties.

ROSIE
Okay. Now what?

BOBBY
Your turn. C'mere. Just your wrists.

Bobby binds her wrists then --

BOBBY (CONT'D)
What's your name?

ROSIE
My name's Rose.

BOBBY
Sneakers aren't regulation PD shoes, Rose. Kick 'em off.

ROSIE
What. You a real cop. Gonna report me? I got flat feet.

BOBBY
I make you a deal. You don't tell. I don't tell.

She sits. And as she kicks off her sneakers, Bobby handcuffs her ankles around a bench post.

MOTORMAN (OVER INTERCOM)
72nd Street.

And as the train slows to a stop, Bobby finishes wiping his face clean of the faked blood, then presses the INTERCOM BUTTON and PROMPTS with the muzzle of his 9mm.

ROSIE
(into intercom)
Open the doors.

The doors in the GUARD CAR OPEN. Just as Bobby tapes Rosie's mouth shut.

INT. 66TH ST. SUBWAY STATION -- NORTHBOUND PLATFORM

Those 6 REVENUE GUARDS, carrying the cash from the Southbound booth, hurry back down the steps to an EMPTY PLATFORM!

GUARD 1
Where's the fuckin' train?

GUARD 2
Fuck if I know where the fuckin' train is.

GUARD 1
Rosie was supposed to wait.

GUARD 3
No shit. What do we do?

GUARD 4
Call 911. So who's got the quarters?

Guard 5 does. A whole bag full.

INT. 72ND ST. SUBWAY PLATFORM

This looks simple enough. The money train and the garbage train parked end to nose. While a New Years CROWD stands oblivious to the heist that's taking place RIGHT UNDER THEIR NOSES.

BOBBY IN THAT COP'S UNIFORM

The money roll-offs are the same make as the garbage roll-offs. And all Bobby does is PUSH ONE ROLL-OFF after the next from the money train onto the garbage train. To the crowd, this may as well be business as usual. All they want is a ride.

MEANWHILE -- GRIFF AT THE MOTORMAN'S HELM

Nervous and twitchy, talking to Bobby as he passes.

GRIFF
They're all lookin' at us.

BOBBY
Nobody's lookin' at nobody. Just keep it together and we'll be on our way soon enough.

INT. MONEY TRAIN

And the TRANSIT RADIO SQUAWKS.

REVENUE DISPATCHER (OVER RADIO)
Alice? Alice! What's goin' on down there?

Bobby's there in time to pull back the tape from Rosie's mouth and accommodate the radio.

(CONTINUED)

BOBBY
Just like I told you.

ROSIE
(halting into mic)
Sorry dispatch... Somebody said the paramedics were up thisaway. Thought I'd drop for poor fellah off and double back quick, know what I mean...?

TRAINMASTER (OVER RADIO)
Rosie dear. This is Arnold. You know how I like things by the book.

BOBBY
Tell 'em everything's just okey-dokey. Paramedics are here and we're headed back to 66th.

ROSIE
Everything's just okey-dokey. Paramedics are on the platform and we're headed back to 66th.

INT. RTO COMMAND -- NIGHT

The Trainmaster is plugged in.

TRAINMASTER
Alright, Rosie.
(unplugs)
Okey-dokey?

THEN CUT TO -- THE BIG BOARD

Where the money train is CLEARLY MOVING NORTH AGAIN.

REVENUE DISPATCH
She's movin' again. Northbound to 79th.

TRAINMASTER
After what I just said?
(he's thinking)
Somebody put a couple uniforms on the 79th Street platform. I wanna see just what okey-dokey looks like.
(plugs in again)
Rosie? Rosie, this is Arnold again.

INT. 79TH ST. PLATFORM

Another crowded platform. And another CROWD oblivious to the heist that's taking place right under their noses while --

INT. MONEY TRAIN -- CASH CAR

Bobby finishes dumping the last load of cash into the last roll-off. And as he starts for the door...

BOBBY
Rosie. It's been a nice robbery. You have a Happy New Year.

And as Bobby EXITS, the radio SQUAWKS with --

TRAINMASTER (OVER RADIO)
Alice! This is RTO Command. Report on your situation!

EXT. 79TH ST. PLATFORM -- BOBBY

The last bin loaded on the garbage train, Bobby APPEARS at the MOTORMAN'S WINDOW of the money train.

MOTORMAN
Happy New Years, Officer. What's the delay?

BOBBY
The delay is this. You've been robbed. So listen good. This is a ten thousand dollar fare.
(reveals the cash)
I wanna know how far up the line this gets me.

MOTORMAN
Ten thousand dollars? I'd say that'd get you just about anywheres you wanna go.

BOBBY
In this case, the Bronx'll do.
(hands over the cash)
Now move it.

BOBBY WALKS OVER TO -- A PAYPHONE

Where he dials and waits.

INT. RTO COMMAND

And the big board shows the money train moving North again. Further up the line.

REVENUE DISPATCHER
She's movin' again! Northbound #6 track.

TRAINMASTER
Sonofabitch! Alice, do you read? Alice!

THE CAMERA DROPS -- SPECIAL FX SHOT

As if plunging into the floor and into layers of wires and earth until --

INT. CAVERNOUS CORRIDOR -- FAR UNDERNEATH THE RTO COMMAND

In the darkness, on a shelf above the corridor, a TELEPHONE RINGS.

CLOSER INSPECTION REVEALS -- A CELLULAR PHONE

Powered by a car battery and attached to a simple, telephone answering machine. It answers.

ANSWERING MACHINE (BOBBY'S SINGING VOICE)
"... don't be afraid to try the greatest sport around...

WHOOSH -- A GASOLINE EXPLOSION

Set off by the tape machine. The homemade incendiary device ignites and REVEALS above it, four large CONDUITS made from plastic piping. The conduits begin to MELT.

INT. PAY PHONE -- 79TH ST. PLATFORM

Bobby hangs up. Drops another quarter and dials again.

INT. PUGLIA'S RESTAURANT

Nicky and Lucy are dancing a slow, very slow dance. When Lucy pulls away and...

LUCY
You love me, Nicky?

NICKY
Kinda question's that?

(CONTINUED)

LUCY
The romantic, girly-wanna-know kinda question.

NICKY
Timing. You got me stuck in a room fulla cops and you want an answer.

LUCY
Not lookin' for a commitment. Just some words.

PARTY COP
YO! D'ENZO. PHONE CALL!!!

LUCY
Nicky?

NICKY
Hold that thought.

CUT TO -- RESTAURANT PHONE

Nicky picks up. INTERCUT WITH BOBBY.

NICKY
This is D'Enzo.

BOBBY
You got fifteen minutes to get to the 42nd St. turn. Or you'll miss your train.

NICKY
Bobby? Where the hell are you?

BOBBY
It's about that time, partner. Sink or swim.

Bobby hangs up.

THE CAMERA ROLLS IN ON -- NICKY

In momentary shock. He can't believe what he's just heard. Or can he? Lucy's eases up next to him.

LUCY
Nicky, what's wrong? Nicky?

INT. 79TH ST. PLATFORM -- BOBBY

Eases from the phone booth just as --

TWO UNIFORM COPS ENTER THE STATION

As ordered by RTO, they're arrived to check out the scene. Too late to find Alice. But in time enough to find BOBBY AS ANOTHER COP ON THE SCENE. They signal to him. And Bobby returns with a shrug as if nothing was out of the ordinary. The cops EXIT.

INT. GARBAGE TRAIN

Bobby jumps on board and slaps the sidewall.

BOBBY
LET'S GO LET'S GO!!!!

The doors close. And the garbage train eases SOUTHBOUND into the tunnel.

EXT. PUGLIA'S RESTAURANT -- NIGHT

Nicky bursts from the doors, holds a beat as he's looking left and right at a traffic jammed street, then launches himself into the fray by leaping onto the hood of a cab and bounding from one car to the next until he's crossed the street. He hits the pavement running just as --

LUCY APPEARS OUTSIDE THE RESTAURANT

Only to catch a glimpse...

LUCY
NICKY!!!!!!

INT. CANAL ST. PLATFORM -- NICKY RUNNING

He pushes through the DUMBSTRUCK CROWD, jumping the turnstiles while a LOUDSPEAKER ANNOUNCES --

LOUDSPEAKER
THE NEW YORK CITY TRANSIT AUTHORITY APOLOGIZES FOR THE TEMPORARY DELAY IN SUBWAY SERVICE...

Nicky spins a brief three-sixty at the ANNOUNCEMENT. Heads for a SUBWAY MAP on the wall.

FOLLOW NICKY'S FINGER

As it traces a path down the Broadway line to the turn at 42nd Street. X marks the spot.

(CONTINUED)

NICKY
42nd Street. Okay, Bobby. Here I come.

CUT TO -- THE PLATFORM

Where Nicky pushes through the last FRUSTRATED RIDER and leaps into the trench.

INT. RTO COMMAND

Mass panic has set in. All eyes on the BIG BOARD.

REVENUE DISPATCHER
Alice. She's still goin'. 88th Street. Next stop 96th street. I dunno, boss. With nothin' in her way, she could be goin' all the way to the Bronx.

TRAINMASTER
Get Transit PD! Get City PD! I want everybody working by the book! You got that Juarez?

JUAREZ
Okay boss.

TRAINMASTER
And while we're at it, somebody page Deputy Director Leech --

REVENUE DISPATCHER
HOLY SHIT!

CUT TO -- THE BIG BOARD

It blanks. All those lights and bells and whistles which show every train on every track in the entire system -- DISAPPEARED FROM VIEW!

TRAINMASTER
OHMIGOD! -- ALL TRAINS STOP!

THE TRAINMASTER JUMPS ON -- THE OVERRIDE BUTTON

TRAINMASTER
ALL TRAINS STOP! THIS IS A GENERAL ORDER. ALL TRAINS STOP NOW!!!
(wheels)
Who cut power to the board! I want if fixed and fast! I want to know what and where --

ENGINEER
We got power boss. The Big Board's on. It's just the trains we lost.

REVENUE DISPATCHER
What about Alice?

The gravity of this drops on the Trainmaster like a house on fire. Then...

TRAINMASTER
Call every cop in the Bronx.

INT. SUBWAY TUNNEL -- THE MONEY TRAIN

And the MOTORMAN'S POV as the train slows, pulling into --

EXT. 161 ST. STATION/YANKEE STADIUM -- THE BRONX

What must seem like an entire DIVISION OF TRANSIT COPS await the slowing train. Guns drawn and held ready. The motorman's hands raised in frightened compliance while --

INT. THE MONEY TRAIN -- ROSIE

The side doors open and in rush 10 TRANSIT COPS with guns drawn. Only to find Rosie tied, bound, and gagged with the duct tape. And when that tape's removed.

ROSIE
-- Where are we?

RESCUE COP
The Bronx. So where's the bad guys?

ROSIE
By now? Try Miami fuckin' beach.

INT. SUBWAY TUNNELS -- NICKY

Running, sucking, panting for air as he sidesteps track and moving trains, Nicky stops for nothing. With one step, TOSSING ASIDE HIS TUXEDO JACKET. Another hand, ripping open his collar.

THE TRACKS FORK -- ONE LIT, THE OTHER NOT

And Nicky goes for the UNLIT TUNNEL, braving the darkness for the obvious shortcut.

INT. GARBAGE TRAIN -- BOBBY AND GRIFF

They have to SHOUT over the RATTLING TRAIN.

GRIFF
YOU SURE HE'S GONNA MAKE IT?

BOBBY
HE'LL MAKE IT OR THE HELL WITH HIM!

INT. SUBWAY TRENCH -- 42ND ST. PLATFORM -- NICKY

Nicky slows, HACKING FOR AIR. THERE'S A RUMBLING ABOVE him. That of a moving train.

NICKY
Bobby...

CAMERA SWISH PANS as he looks to the tiling on the platform which reads -- 42ND STREET.

INT. STAIRS & TUNNELS -- 42ND ST. STATION -- NICKY

QUICK SHOTS AS he hurls himself up the stairs. Runs down a slanted tunnel, then up one more short flight to --

INT. WESTBOUND PLATFORM -- 42ND ST. STATION -- NICKY

At the top of the stairs -- A LOCKED GATE! The platform is closed. And when Nicky peers through the chain link --

NICKY'S POV -- THE GARBAGE TRAIN

And Bobby! Far across this emptied station, smoking a cigarette. The train is stalled while Bobby and Griff manually switch a track --

NICKY
BOBBY!!!!

CUT TO -- EASTBOUND PLATFORM -- BOBBY

Who is clearly waiting, but can't hear Nicky's SHOUTS under the LOUD HUMM of the garbage train's IDLING MOTOR.

CUT BACK TO -- WESTBOUND GATE -- NICKY

He kicks at the locked gate and turns his gaze upward.

EXT. TIMES SQUARE -- 42ND STREET -- NIGHT

Nicky exhumes himself from the underground, only to find the freezing air of this annual New Years party is in full force. A sea of WILD PARTY GOERS stands between him and the OPPOSITE STAIRWELL.

CLOSE ON -- NICKY

He BATTERS his way through the crowd, trying his eye on the opposite stairwell.

INT. EASTBOUND PLATFORM -- 42ND ST. STATION -- BOBBY AND GRIFF

Griff MANUALLY SWITCHES a track and returns to Bobby.

GRIFF
It's been long enough. How much longer?

BOBBY
As long as I say. He's comin'. He wouldn't miss it.

GRIFF
I thought you said he'd be here or to hell with him! Maybe he was havin' a good time and didn't wanna come.

BOBBY
It's his plan. He gets his piece. You don't like the game, I can finish from here.

Bobby reveals his gun in hand.

GRIFF
... I was just sayin' I wouldn't mind a clean split. Down the middle. Good for both of us.

EXT. TIMES SQUARE -- OPPOSITE STAIRWELL -- NICKY

Nicky battles the crowd for the stairs, only to find two CITY PD UNIFORMS standing guard.

CITY UNIFORM 1
Sorry pal. Subway's temporarily out of service.

NICKY
It's okay. I'm a cop.

(CONTINUED)

Reaching for his shield, Nicky realizes it went with his jacket.

NICKY (CONT'D)
It musta... I lost my shield. Listen, fellahs... I gotta get down there --

CITY UNIFORM 2
What kinda cop? Upstairs or downstairs.

NICKY
I'm Transit PD. And I gotta get down there --

CITY UNIFORM 2
Prove it. You say you're TA? How do we know?

Nicky can't believe these City PD assholes.

NICKY
Okay fine. So ask me what's the difference between a Transit Cop and a gerbil.

CITY UNIFORM 1
What?

NICKY
There's some places a gerbil just won't go.

They LAUGH on cue.

CITY UNIFORM 1
Guess you're the real thing.

Nicky takes no time and pushes past them, the other cop CALLING AFTER HIM.

CITY UNIFORM 2
Hey! Maybe you should want us to tie a string to your tail. Make sure YOU DON'T GET LOST!

INT. EASTBOUND PLATFORM -- 42ND ST. STATION -- BOBBY AND GRIFF

Bobby crushes his cigarette.

BOBBY
Okay. Fuck him. Let's go.

Both Bobby and Griff swing onto the garbage train. The brakes released, the train eases forward.

(CONTINUED)

CUT TO -- NICKY

Hauling ass down the stairs to the empty platform, Nicky leaps into the trench just in time GLIMPSE THE GARBAGE TRAIN as it vanishes into the Eastbound tunnel.

NICKY
BOBBY!!!

Twisting in place, Nicky GLIMPSES another train parked on a SIDING. He holds a beat on the train. Then...

INT. SUBWAY SIDING -- EMPTY TRAIN -- NICKY

Nicky crawls up on the car, trying to pry open the motorman's window when --

REVEAL -- THE MOTORMAN HIMSELF

A young fellah named VINCENT. He's been roused from his midnight slumber by Nicky. Throws open the window, dispensing a baseball bat.

VINCENT
YO, BROTHER. YOU KNOW WHAT THE FUCK YOU DOIN'?

NICKY
S'cuse me. You working pal?

VINCENT
Off duty. Now get outta here!
(warns with that baseball bat)

NICKY
What? You some kinda homeless motorman?

VINCENT
I ain't no homeless. You just don't know my ol' lady.

NICKY
Well I'm a TA cop. And I don't have no time and no ID. But right now, I want you on off this siding and rolling.

VINCENT
TA cop my ass. With the ways you lookin', maybe you oughta be checkin' into some kinda roach motel yourself --

(CONTINUED)

LIKE A SHOT

Nicky is up on the step with an arm through the window. His hand at Vincent's throat.

NICKY
You got a choice. You can ride it or drive it.

INT. ELEVATORS -- RTO COMMAND -- NIGHT

The doors open and out bursts Leech, flanked by TRANSIT PD CHIEF ALONZO and CITY PD CHIEF MACINTIRE and COPS behind them. All three TUXEDOED WITH BADGES affixed to their chests.

LEECH
I've got better than three hundred fifty platforms. Eight hundred entries and points of exit. Now with thirty thousand cops at your mutual disposals, I don't wanna hear why we can't slam the door on these cocksuckers. I want cops at every entry and exit!

CHIEF ALONZO
We've got matters of authority to consider.

CHIEF MACINTIRE
Authority means Chain of Command. And so far I haven't heard one reason why I should leave my department at your instant disposal.

LEECH
I'll give you twenty million reasons. And if that don't ring your bell, try my annual billion in revenue and see whose call the mayor returns when he sees it on his phone sheet. You think this city ain't shit without cops, you oughta try it without subways.

Leech moves continues on. The cops behind him. All three of them holding at the doorway of --

INT. RTO COMMAND

In utter chaos. Engineers have the Big Board back on again, then off. Dispatchers SCREAMING over their headsets.

(CONTINUED)

And the Trainmaster, at the center of this three ring circus, swings his view a few degrees, catching a glimpse of the brass standing at the doorway.

TRAINMASTER
Uh, Chiefs... Edwin. I didn't expect --

LEECH
Lucky you. We were all at the same dull fucking party.

INT. SUBWAY TUNNELS -- THE CHASE

Closing on the GARBAGE TRAIN is the PASSENGER TRAIN, bearing Nicky and Vincent, the hijacked motorman.

INT. GARBAGE TRAIN -- BOBBY

Bobby is sacking cash. One garbage bag after the next when he glimpses THE PASSENGER TRAIN closing ground on the same track. He freezes like a deer caught in the headlights.

BOBBY
What the fuck...

INT. PASSENGER TRAIN -- NICKY AND VINCENT

VINCENT
Now what?

NICKY
Gimme the radio. I wanna talk to him.

VINCENT
Channel five. Here.

Vincent gives over the HANDSET to Nicky.

NICKY
(into the mic)
Bobby? Bobby this is Nicky? I know you can hear me, so listen up. I'm right behind you and I want you to stop.

INT. GARBAGE TRAIN -- IN MOTION

Griff HEARS the call over the radio. Sticks his head out the window to check his rear view, then swings the motorman's door shut JUST SO BOBBY CAN'T HEAR...

INT. PASSENGER TRAIN -- NICKY AND VINCENT

Nicky is pulling on Vincent's MOTORMAN'S JACKET with one hand while he punches the handset with the other.

VINCENT
Hey, that's my jacket.

NICKY
I'm borrowing it.
(into handset)
Bobby! I know you can hear me!
I said stop the train!

INT. RTO COMMAND

A dispatcher holds up his headset.

DISPATCHER 4
Mr. Leech. I got some crosstalk on channel five. I think it might be something.

CUT TO -- RADIO DESK

Where a crowd gathers.

LEECH
Put it on the speaker.

A switch is FLIPPED and there's NICKY'S VOICE.

NICKY'S VOICE
Stop it now! We can quit this and go home! Hear me? WE CAN GO HOME. Back to work on Monday, remember? It's gone far enough!

LEECH
I don't get it.

TRAINMASTER
Trouble in paradise?

LEECH
Partners. But why over the radio? Unless they're on --

TRAINMASTER
Two different trains?

CHIEF MACINTIRE
First cop that sees -- <u>hears</u> so much as a rumble I wanna know from where!

INT. SUBWAY TUNNELS -- BOTH TRAINS

Rails sparking and SCREAMING STEEL as the trains hurtle past.

INT. PASSENGER TRAIN -- NICKY AND VINCENT

Nicky hangs up the handset.

VINCENT
Maybe he don' wanna go home. What you say --
(picks up the handset)
Yo, Mr. Garbage Man. I knows me a thing or two about a happy homelife. You up and stop we can swap some stories --

Nicky grabs the handset and replaces it.

NICKY
Do me a favor. Don't help me.

VINCENT
That means we be done now?

NICKY
No. It means, how close can you get? To the train up ahead?

VINCENT
Closer to that stink bucket? Can't say I wanna find out.

NICKY
Well, whatever it is, I'm gonna need closer.

And with that, Nicky squeezes past to the window. Pulls it down and starts to crawl out, the jacket RIPPING on a shard.

VINCENT
Are you outta your brother beatin' mind? And hey, there. That's my jacket you just ripped open!

NICKY
Guess I'm gonna buy you a new one. Just get me close and you can go home to your happy homelife.

VINCENT
Like that's some kinda choice.

INT. SUBWAY TUNNEL -- WIDER SHOT

The garbage train ROARS past the CAMERA. Then the passenger train follows with Nicky riding the outside.

INT. GARBAGE TRAIN -- BOBBY AND GRIFF

Bobby moves to rear of the train. Scrapes away the muck on the window to see a man crawling out of the passenger train.

BOBBY
Nicky?
(then wheels)
JESUS, GRIFF! STOP THE FUCKIN' TRAIN!

Another glance out the window at his partner, and Bobby and races forward into --

THE FORWARD GARBAGE CAR

Where Bobby finds Griff standing with a CROW BAR in hand.

GRIFF
I'm not splittin' my half.

BOBBY
I said stop the train. He's my partner!

GRIFF
I'm your partner. Or did you forget who's taking half the fuckin' risk?

BOBBY
You don't want me pickin' favorites. Now, I want you in that cab and on the brakes...
(pulls his gun)
Or it's a two way split between me n' Nicky.

Griff holds his ground. And Bobby's raising his 9mm when --

INT. SUBWAY TUNNEL -- PASSENGER TRAIN -- NICKY AND VINCENT

The passenger train closes on the garbage train. Nicky hanging from the front of the car, reaching -- ten feet, nine feet, eight feet...

NICKY
CLOSER!

VINCENT
ANY CLOSER AND WE GONNA NEED A RUBBER!

But Vincent pushes the accelerator forward anyway. The engine suddenly kicks and slingshots the passenger train up and into...

INT. GARBAGE TRAIN -- BOBBY AND GRIFF

SLAM! As the passenger train hammers the garbage train, knocking both Bobby and Griff off their feet.

INT. SUBWAY TUNNEL -- BOTH TRAINS

The impact throws Nicky over to the front of the passenger train. He's hanging by one hand. Meanwhile...

VINCENT AT THE MOTORMAN'S HELM

He sees a flashing red arrow ahead, signaling...

VINCENT
SAFETY SWITCHING!

INT. SUBWAY TUNNEL -- BOTH TRAINS

Faster now as tracks slope downhill toward the river.

A SPRING LOADED SWITCH

Throws the rails to the right as the tracks split, forcing the PASSENGER TRAIN onto a parallel track. The train JOLTS, nearly leaving the tracks altogether and --

NICKY

Is swung back around to Vincent's window, nearly tossed from the train.

NICKY
WHAT THE FUCK WAS THAT?

VINCENT
I SAID SAFETY SWITCH!

NICKY
FUCK'N SHIT!!!
(thinks a beat)
THEN GET ME ALONGSIDE IT!

(CONTINUED)

VINCENT
I GODDAMN KISSED THAT STINK BUCKET! NOW YOU WANT ME RUN A FIFTY YARD DASH?

Once again, the ACCELERATOR is pushed forward as --

HIGH SHOT -- WIDE REVEAL OF

Both tracks, side by side. STEEL RAMPARTS every twenty feet. And the passenger train coming alongside the garbage train.

INT. GARBAGE TRAIN -- BOBBY

He goes to a window. He can't believe his eyes. Nicky is perched off the motorman's cab, about to jump.

BOBBY ANGRILY POUNDS AT THE WINDOW

But all he can do is mouth the words...

BOBBY
NICKY, NO... !!!

INT. SUBWAY TUNNEL -- PASSENGER TRAIN -- NICKY AND VINCENT

Nicky can see Bobby POUNDING at his window. But can't hear a word when --

VINCENT
TUNNEL SPLIT. HUNNERD YARDS. IT'S NOW OR NEVER, SLICK!!!

ON NICKY

Timing. Each rampart WHIZZING PAST. Bobby SCREAMING from the opposite car. But Nicky can't hear.

THE TUNNEL SPLIT -- CLOSER NOW

Where the parallel tracks split into SEPARATE TUNNELS.

NICKY
MOTORMAN! WHAT'S YOUR NAME?

VINCENT
VINCENT!

NICKY
GIVE YOUR OL' LADY A NEW YEARS KISS FOR ME!

(CONTINUED)

AND NICKY JUMPS

Between the ramparts, landing FLAT AGAINST THE GARBAGE TRAIN, nearly bouncing off when he grabs himself a WINDOW RAIL and HANGS ON.

THE TUNNEL SPLIT IS UPON THEM

And no room for Nicky. In seconds he'll be peeled from the speeding train when --

BOBBY'S HAND

Reaches around from the deck, snags Nicky and PULLS HIM TO THE SAFETY DECK between the cars.

CLOSE ON -- NICKY

Dazed and plucked from the clutches of death. A breathless beat, then with Bobby smiling...

BOBBY
Don't ever forget, Nicky. I always took care of you.

NICKY
Yeah... thanks.

BOBBY
But hell if you didn't make it anyway... fifteen minutes, we'll be at the dump site. And after that, a brand new day.

NICKY
(winded)
... You happy now?

BOBBY
You don't know the half of it.

NICKY
Good. Now, if you don't mind. Shut it down. Let's go home.

BOBBY
What's that? You're kidding me, right. You didn't do the five minute mile to 42nd street just to gimme shit.

NICKY
Shut it down, Bobby! Do it <u>now</u>!

BOBBY
You just get a look at what we done. Then tell me that.

THE DOOR OPENS -- REVEALING THE REAR CAR

With sacks and sacks of cash piled and ready to move.

ON NICKY

His eyes go wide, but...

BOBBY
How many times you wonder what twenty million dollars looks like. Now Nicky. You're either with me or against me. Now, what's it gonna be!

NICKY
There's a flaw! Stop it, now!

BOBBY
Yeah? So show me the fuckin' flaw!

NICKY
Listen to reason. They don't know it's us. We can shut it down right here, walk out and it's back to work on Monday. Like nothin's happened.

BOBBY
That's right. It's the perfect plan and we did it. Nothin' but daylight between here and a new fuckin' life.
(arms wide)
Show me the fuckin' flaw!

NICKY
Right here, Bobby. It's me! I'm the flaw!

BOBBY
The fuck you are.

Nicky in Bobby's face. Close enough to spit.

NICKY
Either you shut it down -- or I will!

(CONTINUED)

BOBBY FLARES WITH ANGER

And bracing with both arms in the doorway, he rears back and gives Nicky a mighty kick which KNOCKS HIM THROUGH the forward car doors.

CUT TO -- THE SAFETY DECK

Which Bobby unclutches, REVEALING A CUPLER PIN BENEATH. With an EXPERT YANK on a lever --

BOTH CARS SPLIT

And with a burst of hydraulic steam, the forward car surges ahead with Nicky on board while Bobby's car slows with the loot intact.

CUT TO -- NICKY

Standing in the doorway as his car pulls away.

CUT TO -- BOBBY

Watching contentiously as his partner fades into the distance.

BOBBY
See ya partner.

INT. EASTBOUND SUBWAY PLATFORM

The cut-in-two garbage train rockets past a TRANSIT COP with a radio, who's stationed on the empty platform.

TRANSIT COP
Dispatch. I think I found your train. Eastbound at 2nd Avenue.

INT. RTO COMMAND -- NIGHT

A nod from Leech and THE CAMERA SWISH-PANS over to the big board where a dispatcher plots the train's path.

DISPATCHER
Access 1st Avenue platform and emergency stairs at 43rd Street and the FDR.

CAMERA SWISH PANS AGAIN

Over to the Chief Alonzo on the phone.

CHIEF ALONZO
I want all available units...

(CONTINUED)

MEANWHILE -- THE TRAINMASTER

On the radio to a Tower Operator.

TRAINMASTER
That's right! The B siding! Throw the switch!

INT. 1ST AVENUE TOWER -- MAINTENANCE OPERATIONS

A hole in the ground where trains were once dispatched like an airport tower. But now relegated to maintenance operations, BILL, the union's oldest working member makes his way ever-so-slowly down to a double set of rails and a SWITCH. The old guy pushes the A RAIL over to the B RAIL just as he HEARS THE RUMBLING of an oncoming train.

INT. GARBAGE TRAIN -- FORWARD CAR IN MOTION -- NICKY AND GRIFF

Nicky at the rear of the car. Griff is forward. And between them are FOUR SACKS OF CASH.

GRIFF
That stuff's mine! You keep your hands off!

NICKY
No problem. Just tell me who's drivin', Griff?

CUT TO -- MOTORMAN'S CAB

A heavy sack of TOKENS sits on the ACCELERATOR. Full speed ahead.

CUT BACK TO -- NICKY AND GRIFF

GRIFF
We're goin' all the way to the dump site. Just like the plan.

NICKY
Plans over, Griff. Bobby's left us. So why don't you n' me shut it down and talk about it?

GRIFF
Not splittin' my share --

The train JERKS RIGHT as --

INT. TRAIN TRACKS SWITCH

The garbage train switches onto the B track.

INT. GARBAGE TRAIN -- NICKY AND GRIFF

Nicky figures...

NICKY
Siding -- We're on a fuckin' runaway! The brakes, Griff!

Nicky pushes for the cab when Griff body-checks him into a garbage roll-off.

GRIFF
I said MY MONEY!

INT. SIDING TUNNEL

Constricting to a dead end and a concrete wall. And the train rockets on.

INT. GARBAGE TRAIN -- NICKY AND GRIFF

Where Nicky launches from the rocking floor, dropping a shoulder into Griff's midsection and hurling him across to the other side of the car. Nicky follows with a swift kick to the moron's groin.

NICKY
Sorry Griff.

Nicky rushes to the cab. But before he can lift the tokens from the accelerator.

NICKY'S POV -- FORWARD VIEW

A dead end, concrete wall and coming fast.

NICKY
Oh fuck...

CUT TO -- THE TRAIN CAR

Nicky turned around and running for the rear door, he lifts Griff by the collar and starts to drag him --

NICKY
GOTTA GET OFF --

SLAM! Griff knocks Nicky backward toward the rear door and SCREAMS WITH ALL HIS MIGHT --

(CONTINUED)

GRIFF
MY MONEY!!!!!!!!!

INT. SIDING TUNNEL

The train. The wall. And Nicky falling from the car rear door just as --

WIDE SHOT -- THE GARBAGE CAR

Hits the wall, pitching upward in a sickening SOUND OF GRINDING METAL AGAINST CONCRETE while punching a hole in the tunnel roof.

CLOSE SHOT -- A LARGE NATURAL GAS MAIN

Ruptured at the rooftop and SPEWING.

NICKY -- BRUISED AND BATTERED

He crawls to his feet, never taking his eyes off the mess in front of him. Then...

THE SOUND OF -- POLICEMEN

Running down the tunnel. Nicky turns to see their silhouettes racing toward him.

BUT... NICKY SNIFFS AT THE AIR

He can SMELL THE GAS! Nicky finds his feet and runs, stumbles. Then back on his feet heading for the cops.

NICKY
GET BACK! GET BACK!

BUT THE COPS ARE UPON HIM

Forcing him to his ground, guns at his head.

NICKY
Okay. Alright. I'm not gonna resist. Just back out of the tunnel. There's a gas leak up ahead. Could set the whole --

GRIFF (O.S.)
MY MONEY...

HEADS TURN TO SEE --

Griff on his belly, crawling from the wreckage. Bloodied and clinging to all the cash he can wad into his bruised fists.

(CONTINUED)

AND FOUR COPS

Start moving in on the crashed train.

NICKY
I said GAS! That mean anything to you!

CLOSE ON -- GRIFF

As he sees the cops nearing. Guns out.

GRIFF'S POV -- SWISH PAN OVER

To the THIRD RAIL. Megawatts of power. Just one spark...

GRIFF
I SAID MY MONEY!

And with that for a warning, Griff reaches toward the RAIL.

THE COPS FREEZE

Their noses curling. They smell the gas now. But it's too late.

BECAUSE GRIFF

His whole body a tangle of blood and broken bones. With a handful of cash, he touches the rail...

GRIFF
... all my money!

A SPARK

Ignites the gas and --

A FIREBALL!

Rolls down the tunnel like tidal wave.

NICKY
HIT THE DECK!

All the cops fall to their faces as the fireball ROCKS THE TUNNEL like a THUNDERCLAP.

EXT. EAST 42ND STREET -- NIGHT

Crowded with cars, manholes EXPLODE UPWARD and spit fire. A parked car ERUPTS in flame. SCREAMS from the sidewalk!

INT. SIDING TUNNEL -- NICKY AND THE COPS

Inside the tunnel it rains with burning cash. And then there's those four burning cops. One of them SCREAMING for mercy. Nicky's on his feet, peeling the borrowed motorman's jacket and embracing the burning officer. Nicky rolls him to the ground and puts out the flame.

NICKY
CALL A PARAMEDIC!!!

The surviving cops find themselves standing in shock.

NICKY
I SAID CALL THE GODDAMN PARAMEDIC!!!

INT. RTO COMMAND -- NIGHT

Like Moses before the Red Sea, the CHIEF ENGINEER stands before the Big Board, coaxing it to rise from the dead...

ENGINEER
C'mon, baby. That's my girl. Just like Vegas. Let's see your lights --

The Big Board FLASHES ON, OFF, then ON again.

ENGINEER (CONT'D)
Yes!

But it BLANKS, yet again. Nothing. The Big Board remains dead. Then DISPATCHER 6 turns in his seat.

DISPATCHER 6
Deputy Leech! We got a train accident and explosion somewheres about 44th and 2nd. Officers down. EMS on the move.

LEECH
The train robbers?

DISPATCHER 6
Looks like it. Wait. Yeah. One dead. One in custody.

A CHEER goes up in the room. Then --

DISPATCHER 6
Wait! Holy shit. They say it was rainin' money. All of it burning!

(CONTINUED)

CLOSE ON -- LEECH

His heart sinks. Twenty million...

TRAINMASTER
Controller? What do the tracks look like?

CONTROLLER
Burroughs are still unloading. But Manhattan's just clear.

TRAINMASTER
Deputy Leech. For safety sake?

LEECH
(sits)
Fine fine. We got the bad guys. Shut it down.

TRAINMASTER
(into headset)
That's an affirmative. Shut down all Manhattan rail on my order.

INT. MANHATTAN SUBWAY SYSTEM -- QUICK SHOTS

Platforms. Tunnels. The whole ball of wax. Shut down completely and left in darkness.

INT. SUBWAY TUNNEL -- INCLINED TRACK -- BOBBY

As he MANEUVERS the last car of the garbage train backward, it JOLTS TO A STOP as the tunnel goes dead.

BOBBY
Sonofabitch -- NO!!!!

INT. RTO COMMAND -- NIGHT

Celebration. High-fives. They think it's over. The Trainmaster consoles his boss.

TRAINMASTER
Hey, Ed. You just raised rates, didn't you? What's a twenty-million?

LEECH
I don't know. Could be your department's budget increase. So if I was you, I wouldn't be askin' for a raise for some time.

(CONTINUED)

Score one for Leech when, amidst all the celebration...

ONE LOUD, SINGLE HANDED CLAPPING

One at a time, heads turn to reveal a man named FAZIO. All business, flanked by younger men in G-Suits.

FAZIO
Yes. Good show. Looks like a job well done. Bad guys in the bag. Let's uncork the champagne.

LEECH
Excuse me, but who the hell are you?

FAZIO
Victor Fazio, Treasury ESU Team. We got the call.

LEECH
Feds? You got the call? I didn't call the Feds. Who called the Feds?
(then to Fazio)
Nobody called the Feds.

A SINGLE HAND RAISES

Leech turns to find...

JUAREZ
By the book. They told me <u>by the book</u>. And the book says if the train is compromised call all police agencies. City. Transit. The Fed... Jus' doin' my job, sir.

Leech could kill him.

FAZIO
Doing his job. You see, Ed... You are Edwin Leech, Deputy Director of Revenue? Right. You see, as the largest single depositor to the Federal Reserve, we're interested in taking a particular care for our best client.
(then a smile)
So here we are. I have two choppers and the Emergency Services Tac Unit waiting on the roof for further instruction.

(CONTINUED)

CHIEF ALONZO
I think there's a jurisdictional question here --

CHIEF MACINTIRE
Not to mention that we've obviously got the situation under control.

LEECH
Chiefs, please...
(then back to Fazio)
Vic is it? First, let me thank you on behalf of all of us in the MTA. Secondly, I'm pleased to inform you that you've caught us in the clean up stage. As a matter of fact, one of the suspected train robbers is on his way here for questioning via one of our Transit Police Divisions.

The chiefs have closed ranks. They flank Leech in a show of unity.

FAZIO
Then you won't mind if I stick around to observe the wrap up by the ever-so-fine New York City Police Department and, if I may add, the excellent Transit Police Department

A long pause. Before reluctant, yet diplomatic, nods from both chiefs.

LEECH
Then by all means...

EXT. 6TH AVE & 23RD SUBWAY ENTRANCE -- NIGHT

Next to a gridlocked 6th Avenue, a chanting MOB PUSHES at TWENTY COPS, holding the line against a CLOSED SUBWAY.

MOB CHANT
NO SUBWAY, NO PEACE... NO SUBWAY, NO PEACE...

A POLICE CAR WAILS WITH LIGHTS IN FULL REGALIA

As it pushes through the intersection, CARRYING NICKY in the back seat.

EXT. MANHATTAN TRANSIT BUILDING -- NIGHT

Standing before a media throng, a NEWS WOMAN dressed as if she's just left a party, does her live stand-up before a camera.

NEWS WOMAN
With the subway shut down, the city is, for the lack of a better word, paralyzed. That means if you've got someplace to go, it's either walk or hail a cab. And with literally thousands and thousands of party goers out on these streets on New Years Eve, well...

INT. LOBBY -- MANHATTAN TRANSIT BUILDING -- NIGHT

Leech with those two chiefs of police and NUMEROUS COPS. A radio SQUAWKS.

CHIEF ALONZO
He's on the way.

LEECH
Okay. Let 'em in.

THE DOORS OPEN -- AND THE PRESS POUR IN

Cameras. Video. Blow dry guys and twinkies with microphones. They crowd up to Leech in a rattlesnake rush. Leech raises his arms up in the air as he waits for quiet.

LEECH
I will only make a statement! Yes, there was a robbery attempt this evening of our revenue collection train. I use the word "attempt" in stating that one of the suspects is dead and the other is in custody --

REPORTER IN THE BACK
WHAT ABOUT THE SUBWAY?

LEECH
As I was saying! In order to safely inhibit the robbery and recover the city's lost revenues, the power has temporarily been shut off. Resumption of service will begin shortly. I thank you for your time.

(CONTINUED)

As expected, the media sees this as only the beginning, THEY SHOUT AND QUESTION and press closer when --

ANOTHER REPORTER
IS THAT HIM?

CUT TO -- THE SIDE DOOR

Where Nicky's escorted into the building by a PHALANX OF COPS. The media throng rushes, CAMERAS fixed and rolling tape.

CLOSE ON -- NICKY

As he squints, repelled by the glare. But sees Leech in the background.

AND CLOSE ON -- LEECH

Where here, for the first time, he sees that it's Nicky D'Enzo in custody. HOLD ON his shock and surprise.

AND FINALLY -- CAMERA SWINGS TO -- FAZIO

Watching from a quiet vantage point in the corner, he doesn't miss the exchange of looks between Nicky and Leech. He sees the connection.

INT. PUGLIA'S RESTAURANT -- THE BAR -- NIGHT

As the party continues on and on, Lucy has found herself a not-so-lonely seat at the bar.

PARTY COP
Come on, beautiful. One time around the dance floor.

LUCY
Why don't you go away. I came with somebody.

PARTY COP
You did, huh? Well, I don't see him nowheres.
(closer)
What's his name, this somebody?
Maybe I seen him around.

BUT BEFORE LUCY CAN ANSWER -- THE TV!

Just over the Party Cop's shoulder. CAMERA RACK'S FOCUS to reveal NEWS FOOTAGE OF...

LUCY
Nicky...

(CONTINUED)

PARTY COP
(turns)
... D'Enzo?

INT. SUBWAY TUNNELS -- INCLINED TRACK -- BOBBY

The doors of the garbage car are OPEN TO REVEAL, what else, but garbage sacks of cash being madly tossed out into a massing pile.

CUT TO -- A LARGE, HORIZONTAL VENTILATOR SHAFT

Where Bobby, winded and sweat-smudged, crams the first of his money sacks. He flicks on his CIGARETTE LIGHTER AND --

WIDE SHOT OF -- RATS!

Hundreds of 'em. Bobby jolts backward at the sight, instinctively grabbing for his pistol when --

DUKE (O.S.)
DON'T GO SHOOTIN' MY BABIES!!!

REVEAL ON -- THE DUKE OF THE UNDERWORLD

A rodent-like man, himself. Two smaller rats crawling in and out of his coat. Bobby is quick to train the weapon on him.

BOBBY
How about I shoot you, instead!
(finds his feet)
Now back the fuck up!

DUKE
You're one of 'em, ain't ya? One of them train robbers.

CLOSE ON -- THE GUN MUZZLE

As Bobby puts it right up to the little man's steamed glasses.

BOBBY
And how would you know?

DUKE
CNN, ABC, CBS -- I got me all the channels. Lookit.

With a REMOTE, the Duke FLICKS ON THREE TV'S that put a glow to this tiny space built from items lost or forgotten. A generator HUMMS for power. And still, MORE RATS. Everywhere, every size, and on every surface.

(CONTINUED)

ON THE TV'S

Live news on each. A REPLAY of Nicky's arrest.

DUKE
There ya havit. Lookin' to me like they gots one of your partners.

BOBBY
Nicky...

DUKE
Now, you ain't gonna tell nobody about my rent controlled apartment, now are ya? Cuz I'm thinkin' each of us, see, know somethin' about the other that'd make us what they call a secret pact.

CLICK CLACK!

Once again, that gun muzzles in the Duke's face.

BOBBY
Quarter mile down the line I saw some construction. That means a work train. You wouldn't happen to know where they parked it.

DUKE
I might.

BOBBY
You might? And I might have me a new partner.

DUKE
Partners.
(he gestures to his pets)

BOBBY
Rats?

DUKE
Not rats. I calls 'em my Brooklyn Hamsters.

INT. SUBWAY TUNNELS -- QUICK MONTAGE -- BOBBY

The ignition is wired and the DIESEL ENGINE of a work train HUMMS.

CUT TO -- A SIDING

Where Bobby backs the diesel up to a parked SET OF PASSENGER CARS and CLANK! Bobby's got himself a train.

CUT TO -- REAR PASSENGER CAR

Where Bobby piles those money-filled garbage bags to the ceiling, filling at least half the car.

CUT TO -- A CABLE LENGTH

Is run from underneath the passenger cars to the DIESEL ENGINE. And by touching it to the POSITIVE TERMINAL of the diesel's generator -- presto -- THE PASSENGER CAR DOORS OPEN.

BOBBY
All aboard?

EXT. LOWER EAST SIDE -- DARKENED NEIGHBORHOOD -- NIGHT

All is quiet. The streets look empty, save for the single POLICE CAR guarding the SUBWAY ENTRANCE.

CUT TO -- TWO COPS INSIDE THE POLICE CAR

And the heater doesn't work.

CAR COP 1
Give it another kick.

WHAP! The other cop kicks the heater. Nothin'.

CAR COP 2
Twenty million dollars. What I could do with twenty percent of that. A million dollars.

CAR COP 1
Twenty percent is four million. Not a million. Kick it again.

CAR COP 2
It don't work. Think they caught 'em yet? Sayin' one of 'ems TA.

CAR COP 1
So what's it matter? Transit or City PD. They got twenty million and I got a fuckin' radio car with no fuckin' heater.

WHAP! He kicks the unit. Then drops the car into DRIVE.

(CONTINUED)

CAR COP 2
What's goin' on? We can't leave our post.

CAR COP 1
Union contract says a heater in every cop's car. Car's got no heater. We're just gonna take her down to the precinct house, get a new unit and a coupla cups of coffee so we can give a New Years Eve toast to those lucky bastards for stickin' it to the system.

The car pulls away and disappears around a corner, leaving an exhaust trail in its wake.

HOLD THE SCENE A BEAT AS -- THE CAMERA SWINGS LEFT

Revealing SEVEN YOUNG WESTIES on their way back to Hell's Kitchen, stepping out from a four story walk-up and HEADING DOWN THE SUBWAY STAIRS.

INT. EAST BROADWAY SUBWAY STATION

Those seven, drunk WESTIES stumble down the stairs and into the station, dark and abandoned.

GIRLFRIEND
It's closed?

WESTIE GUY
No way. It's New Years. Everything's supposed to be open. All night long, right?

WESTIE GAL
For once, you're wrong. Let's find a cab. Who's got money?

HANGER ON
I got money --

WESTIE GUY
Fuck that! Ain't no cabs on New Years. And I ain't walkin' cross the whole Eas'ide --

GIRLFRIEND
Wait!

She holds up a finger, facing her crew. They can HEAR it. The familiar RUMBLE OF AN ONCOMING TRAIN.

THE WESTIES JUMP THE WHEELS TO THE PLATFORM

The boys lifting the girls over. Then...

BOBBY AND THAT DIESEL WORK TRAIN BREAK THE TUNNEL

Passenger cars in tow. GRINDING STEEL AND BRAKES SOUND as the train stalls.

THE PASSENGER DOORS -- OPEN

All aboard? The train sits upon the darkened platform, quiet and inviting.

HANGER ON
Don't look like any train I ever saw.

WESTIE GUY
Like I said. I ain't walkin'.

They pile on and WHOOSH, KUH-CHUNK! The doors lock shut. The train jerks as it rolls forward.

INT. SUBWAY TUNNEL -- BOBBY IN THE DIESEL ENGINE

BOBBY
Here we go.

Bobby places his POLICE RADIO on the helm and rolls the train forward.

INT. RTO COMMAND -- CONFERENCE ROOM -- NIGHT

A handcuffed Nicky is seated at the conference table. Leech at the other end. The two Chiefs on either side. And Fazio silently in the corner.

CHIEF ALONZO
Now, Officer D'Enzo --

NICKY
Detective, sir.

CHIEF ALONZO
Forgive me. Detective. But you're one cop I can't figure. Without gun or shield. Hitching a ride on a subway that for all intents and purposes is closed. Hijacking a sided train for a chase... Son, you're either lookin' for a medal or a jail cell. Now which is it?

(CONTINUED)

NICKY
You tell me, sir. I've told you the truth.

CHIEF ALONZO
Okay, for the record. Upon hearing the All Points, you entered the system at 42nd Street, made a visual of the getaway train and gave chase with another passenger train, utilizing a motorman named... Vincent? Is that his name?

NICKY
That's correct, sir. Check it out. I borrowed his jacket.

LEECH
So where is it? The jacket.

NICKY
Gave it to the uniform I sent to emergency.
(then from the Chief to Fazio)
Who's he?

LEECH
(horning in)
Never mind him... Now, detective. You and I know each other, don't we?

NICKY
If we've met, sir. I don't recall.

Leech moves in close, JANGLING COINS in his pocket for effect. He's goading Nicky...

LEECH
Remind you of something? Say, detective. You have a partner, don't you? What's his name? I forget.

NICKY
I had a partner in decoy. His name's Bobby Hoffman..

LEECH
Is he the dead man? Or the one you say got away?

NICKY
He's the one at home with his family. What's your point?

CHIEF ALONZO
Mr. Leech!

LEECH
Just a minute, Chief. I'm gonna get to the bottom --

THE JANGLING IS LOUDER AND LOUDER --

CHIEF ALONZO
Mr. LEECH!

Chief Alonzo is at the door. He's swung it open and gesturing. Everyone files outside. Everyone but Fazio.

OUTSIDE THE CONFERENCE ROOM -- CHIEF ALONZO AND LEECH

CHIEF ALONZO
Now I don't care what parties you go to or if you play tennis with the Mayor. But before you go accusing another one of my officers of a crime, I'd appreciate it if you'd confer with me.

LEECH
He's lying! They're in it together. And now they're trying to shove it up my ass!

ENTER -- THE TRAINMASTER

TRAINMASTER
Excuse me, sirs. But we got what could be a prank. Fact is, though, it's over the police band.

LEECH
Yeah? And who's this prankster say he is?

TRAINMASTER
Call himself The Mad Hatter?

CUT BACK INSIDE -- THE INTERROGATION ROOM

Nicky and Fazio.

FAZIO
For what it's worth. I believe you.

(CONTINUED)

NICKY
Great. The one guy I don't know believes me.

FAZIO
Fazio. Department of Treasury. Answer me somethin' before I go back out there. What's it pay workin' for the underground?

NICKY
Not nearly enough.

A warm smile and Fazio EXITS to get in on --

INT. RTO COMMAND -- POLICE DISPATCH DESK

POLICE DISPATCHER
Patching you in. Are you there?

BOBBY (OVER RADIO)
Sure I'm here. Who's there?

LEECH
You got me, Deputy Director Leech, Chief MacIntire of the City PD and Transit PD Chief Alonzo. May I ask who this is?

BOBBY (OVER RADIO)
Alice has a new boyfriend. And you can call me The Mad Hatter...

Hold on their faces while...

INT. SUBWAY TUNNEL -- DIESEL TRAIN -- INTERCUT WITH PREVIOUS

Bobby rolling the train through the tunnels. Police radio in hand.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
Cute trick cutting the power... but now I'm diesel powered, see? That means as long as I got gas, I got you by the balls.

LEECH
Is this a prank?

(CONTINUED)

BOBBY
I'm real as the steel I'm drivin'. And I ain't fallin' for that shit-for-news story that you caught the guys who robbed the train. I know that S.O.B. you got locked up. That's the cop mother-fucker who jumped my train n' killed my fuckin' partner! And that makes me very fuckin' pissed off...

Heads turn. All looking at Nicky through the glass windows of the conference room.

LEECH
And why should we believe you?

BOBBY
Don't believe me. Believe my passengers. I've got seven riders with no place to go but down, if you know what I mean.

THE COMMAND TEAM

They freeze. Hostages? This was unexpected.

CHIEF ALONZO
Are you informing us that you have hostages?

BOBBY
Oh, I wouldn't categorize it as such. They're passengers on the new and improved money train. And they, along with myself and a shitload of cash are on an endless journey in search of a way outta this fuckin' hole. Now you got till daylight to remove cops from all points of exit or I'm gonna stuff this train so deep in this hole it's gonna take a rectal exam just to pick up the trail.

Bobby CLICKS OFF. Where the CAMERA MOVES REARWARD TO --

INT. REAR CAR -- THE WESTIES

Trapped, they POUND AT THE WINDOWS and SCREAM at the darkness.

WESTIES
HEY!... STOP THE TRAIN!... WE WANT OFF THE FUCKIN' SUBWAY!... HELP!

INT. RTO COMMAND -- NIGHT

The Command Team with their heads close together.

CHIEF MACINTIRE
Why not keep him custody until this shakes out.

CHIEF ALONZO
He's one of mine. And I can't go holding him. He saved good cops tonight!

LEECH
So he's not a murderer. Just a thief.

FAZIO (O.S.)
You know what I'd do?

Heads turn. Fazio has cooly seated himself at the edge of a desk.

FAZIO (CONT'D)
I'd cut him loose. But keep an eye on him. If he's for real, he'll go home, go to bed. And next week you give him a medal. Then again, if he's not...

Fazio's smile tells the rest. Then...

ENGINEER
WE'RE CONNECTED. STAND BY FOR PICTURE!

WIDE SHOT -- THE COMMAND ROOM

All chatter stops and faces turning to the Big Board.

ENGINEER
(into headset)
Okay. Fire 'er up!

CLOSE ON -- THE BIG BOARD

The screens BLANK at first, then regenerate to the SOUND OF APPLAUSE by all the hamstrung dispatchers and personnel.

DISPATCHER 4
I've got movement. One train. Northbound Blue at Delancey.

LEECH
Okay okay... That's more like it!

(CONTINUED)

SWISH PAN TO -- CHIEF ALONZO

CHIEF ALONZO
(into phone)
We got our hostage train. I want tactical teams awaiting my command for strikes --

DISPATCHER 2
Outbound train. Red Line at Canal...

DISPATCHER 5
Southbound Broadway at 32nd St...

LEECH
What the fuck?

CUT TO -- THE BIG BOARD

And sure enough. The board shows trains headed each and every way.

TRAINMASTER
But everything's shut down. There's no power...
(panics into headset)
THIS IS A GENERAL RTO COMMAND! ALL TRAINS TO STOP!

INT. SUBWAY TUNNEL -- LOW SHOT

A bare, single rail in this large and empty tunnel. Empty save for THE LARGE RAT which ENTERS THE SCENE, running rail with a piece of TIN FOIL FIXED TO IT'S LONG TAIL.

AS IT CROSSES A TRACK SENSOR

A tiny light turns red just as it would if a train wheel crossed it.

INT. SUBWAY TUNNELS -- QUICK SHOTS

More rats with tin foil tied to their tails. Running rails. Tripping sensors. These are the phantom trains.

CUT TO -- THE DUKE

Walking down his own tunnel, pulling the last rat from his box, kissing its beak before placing it on a rail.

DUKE
Okay, now don't you be late for breakfast.

INT. RTO COMMAND

After a uniform COP uncuffs him, THE CAMERA FOLLOWS NICKY into the UTTER PANDEMONIUM of the COMMAND ROOM. Dispatchers calling out every which way to contact those phantom trains.

AND NICKY

He looks at the board, the insanity of the scene itself. And quietly laughs to himself.

NICKY
Partner... Only you could cause such craziness.

LEECH

From out of nowhere, he launches into Nicky.

LEECH
What the hell are you laughing at? Get the fuck outta here!

INT. ELEVATORS -- RTO COMMAND -- NIGHT

Fazio APPEARS as Nicky is heading for the elevator.

FAZIO
Detective... It's cold out there.

Tosses Nicky a TREASURY TEAM JACKET.

FAZIO (CONT'D)
Consider that an invitation should you ever wanna leave life underground.

NICKY
... Well, thanks. I'll think about it.

FAZIO
Happy New Year.

Nicky steps into the elevator. The doors close. Then Fazio, touches one hand to his ear-piece and bringing his wrist to his mouth...

FAZIO
(into mic)
You got him?

EXT. ROOFTOP -- MANHATTAN TRANSIT BUILDING -- NIGHT

CAMERA CRANES UP AND OVER to REVEAL a whirl of hidden activity. This rooftop is crawling with TACTICAL SOLDIERS waiting for orders. TWO HELICOPTERS with rotors on idle. And a COMMAND DESK with one of Fazio's LIEUTENANTS.

CLOSE ON -- A MONITOR

It heats up to a green glow. A BLINKING MARK at the center.

LIEUTENANT
Got it boss. Ground zero and moving down.

INT. ELEVATOR GOING DOWN -- NICKY

Cold, he pulls on that jacket. While the CAMERA TRAVELS down the seams to IMPLY THE LOCATION of the BUGGING DEVICE sewn into the lining.

INT. LOBBY -- MANHATTAN TRANSIT BUILDING -- NIGHT

The ELEVATOR DOORS open to reveal --

LUCY
First, you leave me without hardly a Goddamn word! Second, it's New Years! You know what it's like to have your date walk out on New Years with nothin' but horny cops around!!!

NICKY
Hey there, sweetheart. It's nice to see you too. Now go home.

Nicky's on the move. Heading right past her, across the lobby and through a pair of STAIRWELL DOORS. Lucy follows.

INT. STAIRWELL -- CONT'D

LUCY
That's all you got to say? Go home? Nicky, I saw you on TV!

First things first. Nicky elbows the glass on a FIRE BOX, forgoes the axe and pockets the flashlight.

NICKY
TV, huh? How'd I look?

(CONTINUED)

LUCY
Nicky!

Nicky turns on her.

NICKY
Lucy, stop! This isn't about you! It's about me n' Bobby.

LUCY
He up and did it, didn't he? I thought it was supposed to be a game!

NICKY
It was a game!

LUCY
And you're mad he did it without you?

NICKY
Maybe. But I had to go and be the flaw in my own plan. And now he's got hostages.
(a step toward her)
I can stop him, Lucy. That's if he still trusts me at all.

LUCY
I'm coming with you.

NICKY
(starts back downward)
Not an option.

LUCY
Like you got a choice. I'm a cop, remember? And you're an accessory to a major crime.

NICKY
So arrest me.

INT. RTO COMMAND -- NIGHT

And the Command Team argues...

CHIEF MACINTIRE
I say we put all available personnel we have into the system. Flush him out.

(CONTINUED)

LEECH
You got any idea how many miles of track are down there? Seven hundred plus. That's from here to St. Louis. You got that many cops?

CHIEF ALONZO
City cops at that. And if I may be perfectly frank, a city cop underground is like a hooker without hole.

CHIEF MACINTIRE
I resent that!

FAZIO
Gentlemen, please...
(waits for quiet)
How about the government making you a deal? We find him, we finish him. We take all responsibility.

THE CAMERA ROLLS IN ON -- THE COMMAND GROUP

Leech at the center.

LEECH
Sounds like an offer we can't refuse.

INT. SUBWAY PLATFORM -- DOWNSTAIRS

Nicky ENTERS through the TA ACCESS DOORWAY, Lucy at his heels.

LUCY
The subway's shut down.

NICKY
I know... You smell that?

LUCY
The garbage? The mildew? The sewer?

NICKY
The Diesel... Like I figured, he's been down here all along. Right under their noses.

Nicky jumps into the trench.

LUCY
Where we going now?

(CONTINUED)

NICKY
Hon, where I'm going's no place for a party dress. You wanna help? You find us a car and park it on the Lexington side of the building. Wait with the engine running.

LUCY
What are you gonna do?

NICKY
I don't gotta fuckin' clue.

INT. LADDER CHUTE -- NICKY

The cover is pulled off to REVEAL Nicky. He climbs downward.

INT. REVEAL -- THE UNDERGROUND TRAIN YARD

Nicky with that flashlight as he BEAMS IT across a massive interior landscape, ten tracks wide and a city block long.

THE BEAM REVEALS

Parked trains. Dead and stopped. As if left here to rot instead of just for the night.

ON NICKY

The ladder attached to the side of the chamber, he descends further, forgetting the last five rungs and leaping into the dirt trench.

FROM CAR TO CAR MOVES NICKY

Quickly. Pointing that flashlight beam in every window. Cars to the left. Cars to the right. Then...

NICKY ON HIS STOMACH

As he rolls underneath a set of cars and into another trench. He repeats with the flashlight beam, looking for hostages in cars left and right.

THROUGH THE CAR WINDOWS

Emptiness. Graffiti. A home for ghosts.

THE NEXT CAR

Empty.

(CONTINUED)

AND THE NEXT

The beam pierces the blackness to ignite a WOMAN'S FACE! She SCREAMS!

NICKY JUMPS

Takes a step back.

ON THE CAR

The Westies with faces pressed to the windows.

WESTIES
GET US OUT... HELP US, PLEASE...
GET US THE FUCK OUT NOW!!!

A DIESEL ENGINE TURNS OVER -- SHAKING THE GROUND

Nicky wheels toward the DIESEL. And there stands Bobby walking atop the cars.

BOBBY
Partner.

NICKY
Bobby...

BOBBY
I was wondering if you'd remember this place.

NICKY
How could I forget. We left Little Stevie Mead and all those roundhouse kids down here for nearly a day.

BOBBY
But do you remember the ransom?

NICKY
Donut holes from Mama Leone's.

They both LAUGH, then...

BOBBY
So they let you go. Just don't tell me you brought 'em all with you.

NICKY
I wouldn't give up my partner. You know that.

(CONTINUED)

BOBBY
But you ain't here to ride along, now, are you?

NICKY
You know I'm not. I'm just here to the hostages. You gotta let 'em go.

BOBBY
No can do, partner. They're part of the new plan.

NICKY
And what would that be?

Bobby climbs down. And starts forward. Nicky follows.

BOBBY
Game information is for the players only. And you ain't playin' no more. That you made clear.

NICKY
Statement of the rules, Bobby!

BOBBY
Aw, fuck that old time bullshit!

NICKY
Rule one. Two bad guys.

BOBBY
One bad guy. And that's me.

NICKY
Rule two. Nobody knows its us.

BOBBY
Well that leaves you out.

NICKY
Rule three. No violence. And Griff is dead.

BOBBY
Rule four. And you can guess this one. This is one player who won't be back to work on Monday.

NICKY
You got hostages, Bobby! This is no game!
(more)

NICKY (Cont'd)
(spins Bobby around)
I don't know your plan. But it ain't just the city you're playing against. The government's involved. Feds. Upstairs they got this guy who gave me fuckin' chills. He's all business. And I figure he plans to make you dead!

BOBBY
Well, you know what I say? Let 'em try. Like I said, I'm the bad guy. And I've gone too far to go back now. Now, lemme be cuz I got load of loot to bury.

NICKY
Bobby --

But Bobby's there, right up close and throwing his arms around Nicky. Then in Nicky's ear...

BOBBY
Go back to your life, partner. Go be a detective. Go marry that lady cop raise you some kids.

Bobby pulls back, his hands clasping Nicky's.

NICKY
Partners. Bobby.

BOBBY
Sure. Partners...

Hands clasp. A warm smile on Bobby's face when --

A RATCHET SOUNDS -- HANDCUFFS!

Snapping across Bobby's wrist. The other cuff attached to Nicky.

BOBBY
What's this?

NICKY
Partners. And we go down together. It's over now.

BOBBY
(yanks)
Not funny, Nicky! Now where's the key?

NICKY
Topside. In a car that's waiting for the two of us. We get out of here. We get us lawyers. And we take our medicine.

BOBBY
You're not in this! What kinda shit are you pullin'?

NICKY
Listen to me. It was my plan and for that I'm guilty. But I've been following you into this hole all my life... sometimes when I didn't even wanna. Ain't nothin' I wouldn't have done for you, Bobby. No place I wouldn't have gone. But for once in our lives, I want you to follow me!

BOBBY
(laughs)
Follow you.

NICKY
Has a ring to it. I'm gettin' used to it already.

BOBBY
Yeah, right... You're fuckin' crazy, you know that?
(holds a long beat)
Fine then. Let's go.

NICKY
... Let's go.

A nod from Nicky. He starts walking. Only to have Bobby pull violently backward and LAND AND ELBOW across Nicky's jaw. SMACK! Nicky drops to the dirt. But is quick to swing his legs around, tripping Bobby. THUD. Bobby lands.

NICKY -- UP ON HIS FEET

NICKY
IT'S OVER, BOBBY!!!

BOBBY
Fuck you.

BOBBY WITH A FOOT

Right into Nicky's midsection. Then, with another yank on the cuff, swings Nicky into the car. SLAM!

(CONTINUED)

BOBBY -- ON HIS FEET NOW

With hammering left fists into Nicky's head. While Nicky swings a sharp elbow that lands.

PULL BACK -- WIDE

A bloodfest. Two men with a lifetime of resentments. Bound at the wrists, laying hard blows across the other with a hellish ferocity unleashed.

POV -- FROM THE HOSTAGE CAR

While the women watch the fight. The men START PULLING AT A BENCH, trying to loosen it from it's bolts.

CUT BACK TO -- BOBBY AND NICKY

Nicky ducks a left first and spins around behind Bobby, pinning his cuffed arm. Nicky SPEAKS through a split lip.

NICKY
Are we done?

BOBBY
Blow me.

Nicky pushes, SLAMMING Bobby into a car. His knees buckle and Bobby slides into the dirt.

NICKY
I loved you, Bobby. Like my brother, I loved you... All I ever wanted was what you had.

CLOSE ON -- BOBBY

Heaving for air. His eye cut and bleeding. His FREE HAND REACHING UNDER THE TRAIN.

NICKY (CONT'D)
But you had to fuck it all up, didn't you...
(pulls at the cuffs)
DIDN'T YOU!!!

BOBBY'S FREE HAND

Wraps around a pipe. Knuckles white from the grip.

BOBBY
... Yeah... So I fucked it all up. And for what?

NICKY
For money.

(CONTINUED)

BOBBY
Not for money.

NICKY
No? Then tell me. For what, then?

WITH THAT PIPE!

Bobby wheels and strikes. The pipe CRUSHING against Nicky's knee. Nicky HOWLS and drops to the dirt.

BOBBY AND NICKY

Face to face. Bobby is seething.

BOBBY
If you don't get it now, Nicky... I guess you never will.

Bobby HEADBUTTS Nicky -- WHACK!

POV SHOT AGAIN -- FROM THE HOSTAGE CAR

As Bobby drags the injured Nicky forward and OUT OF VIEW.

EXT. LEXINGTON AVE -- MANHATTAN TRANSIT BUILDING -- NIGHT

In a waiting cab, complete with FUZZY DICE hanging from the rear view mirror, here's Lucy and...

CABBIE
Meter's runnin', honey.
(and leering)
You know, it's bad luck goin' home lonely on New Years. Get the year off to a bad start, if you know what I mean?

Lucy REVEALS HER SHIELD.

LUCY
How's about this? You keep it in park or there's gonna be another kinda fuzzy pair hangin' from the mirror... you know what I mean?

INT. THE UNDERGROUND TRAIN YARD -- QUICK SHOTS

The diesel engine ROARS. Then the GEAR DROPS.

STEEL WHEELS

Roll forward -- slowly slowly.

(CONTINUED)

WIDER SHOT -- NICKY

As he lays between the rails. Then...

CLOSE SHOT -- NICKY

His bloodied face near a rail. His eyes open to consciousness and --

NICKY'S POV -- STEEL WHEELS

Looking as if they're headed right at him.

NICKY JERKS HIS HEAD

But his arm. Stuck! He turns his POV just in time to watch those steel wheels --

SNAP! THE HANDCUFFS

Split at the link.

AND NICKY

Trapped between the slicing wheels. He can see --

BOBBY

Rising from the track.

FOLLOWED BY -- SERIES OF QUICK SHOTS

Another diesel engine ROARS. Then another. And another. FIVE DIESELS in all, lined up side by side. This underground cavern floods with smoke.

THEN WITH SACKS FULL OF TOKENS

Bobby lays one on a diesel's accelerator. And eases the brake forward and REPEATS THE SAME.

HIGH SHOT

As DRIVERLESS DIESEL ENGINES roll forward into the assigned tunnel and track of Bobby's fixing. Each pulling two passenger cars. All but the last train pulls out when...

NICKY

He crawls out from underneath the train. Tries to find his feet, but his knee buckles and he crashes to the dirt. Nicky SCREAMS!

NICKY
BOBBY!!!!!

CUT TO -- NICKY'S POV

The last train pulls away from the yard and DISAPPEARS into a tunnel.

EXT. LEXINGTON AVE -- MANHATTAN TRANSIT BUILDING -- DAWN

A grey dawn hangs over the taxi cab.

INSIDE -- LUCY AND THE CABBIE

The meter running when SLAM! Nicky stumbles up against the car, rocks backward and pulls open the door the driver's side door. He has the Cabbie by the by the back of the collar and drags him out.

NICKY
Transit Police are borrowing your cab!

CABBIE
Hey! I gotta fare!

NICKY
I'll leave the meter running.

Nicky's in the car, SLAMMING the door behind him and DROPPING THE CAB INTO GEAR! The wheels spin against the icy pavement.

INT. THE CAB -- IN MOTION -- NICKY AND LUCY

Pedal to the floor...

NICKY
I said get a car! <u>This</u> is a cab!

LUCY
I know it's a cab! My daddy drove a cab! I thought you were bringing Bobby.

NICKY
On his way to Brooklyn. He's gonna bury the haul where the L crosses through Evergreen Cemetery.

LUCY
We're racing a train to Brooklyn? Nicky -- <u>we're not gonna make it</u>!

(CONTINUED)

NICKY
Mom always said I should find a girl who believed in me... HANG ON!

EXT. THE CAB

Maximum speed down a one-way grade and through --

A CHAIN LINK FENCE

It crumbles beneath the cab as it goes airborne and SLAMS wheels-first to the pavement on the FDR HIGHWAY.

INT. SUBWAY TUNNEL -- BROAD STREET AREA

A squad of FOUR CITY COPS. Stalled in the darkness with their burning flashlights in hand -- a TRAIN RUMBLES. Louder. Closing.

CITY COP
(into radio)
That's right, dispatch. We can hear it. But I don't know if it's above us or below us or --

TURNING THE CORNER -- THE DIESEL TRAIN

And barreling right down on those city cops.

CITY COP (CONT'D)
Comin' right at us. Holy Christ. GET OFF THE TRACKS!

The cops SCATTER as the diesel ROARS past.

INT. RTO COMMAND -- DAWN

The Big Board shows the FIVE DIESEL TRAINS IN MOTION, each headed in different directions.

DISPATCHER 3
We've got four -- no, five trains in motion. Visuals on two. Looks like the train yard is ground zero.

LEECH
You tellin' me he was right underneath us. The sonofabitch...
(orders)
Raise the drivers!

(CONTINUED)

DISPATCHER 6
Drivers won't answer.

TRAINMASTER
Could be runaways. Diesels are easy to rig for a flat run. Call the towers. Get 'em ready to manually switch and run 'em off the rails.

SWISH PAN TO -- THE COMMAND GROUP AND FAZIO

Gathered at the Big Board

LEECH
So what do we do? Pick a train? Any train?

FAZIO
Not quite.
(into mic)
Dreesen. You got him?

EXT. THE MONITOR -- ROOFTOP -- MANHATTAN TRANSIT BUILDING -- DAWN

As they track Nicky's movement.

LIEUTENANT
We got him. Eastbound like a bat outta hell. But he's on black top.

INT. RTO COMMAND -- FAZIO

FAZIO
Any of those trains Eastbound?

TRAINMASTER
Yeah. Just one. The old Train to the Plane line.

FAZIO
Then that's your train. Just gimme the word.

ON -- THE COMMAND GROUP

Looks between them all. Leech nods his approval.

FAZIO
It's about time.
(into mic)
Birds away. Let's move it!

EXT. ROOFTOP -- MANHATTAN TRANSIT BUILDING -- DAWN

Those helicopters lift into the morning sky with a powerful ROAR.

EXT. ON-RAMP -- BROOKLYN BRIDGE

A truck has stalled in the cold where the FDR loops onto the bridge.

BUT NICKY IN THE CAB

Doesn't even slow, angling for the railing.

SPARKS FLY

As the cab scrapes its way around the turn.

EXT. HIGH SHOT -- BROOKLYN BRIDGE -- DAWN

Light traffic. Most of New York is sleeping it off. And one, hell-bent-for-Brooklyn cab.

INT. CAB -- NICKY AT THE WHEEL

Pedal to the floor. Teeth grit. The window is fogging.

NICKY
Lucy! Gimme a wipe!

She crawls over the seat and is wiping the window with her sleeve.

POV-- THROUGH THE WINDOW

The fog on the windshield clears TO REVEAL A SLOWED CAR!

NICKY SWERVES

SLAM! Into another railing. The passenger window SHATTERS. Lucy SCREAMS!

INT. DIESEL TRAIN -- IN MOTION -- BOBBY

Black eyed, bloodied and throttle to the floor. Nothing but the darkness of the tunnel ahead him. Meanwhile...

INT. HOSTAGE CAR

Those Westies have freed the bench from its floor bolts. The men hold it high and behind to ram it against the LOCK ON THE FORWARD DOOR. WHAP! WHAP! WHAP!

EXT. YORK STREET -- BROOKLYN -- SUNRISE

The cab slides into a four wheel drift, SLAPS A PARKED CAR and Wheels SouthEast on this wrong-way street. Traffic splits before Nicky's speeding cab.

INT. CAB -- CONT'D

And Lucy's Spanish is coming back to her...

LUCY
No lavamos hacer no lavamos hacer
no lavamos hacer no lavamos hacer
no lavamos hacer no...

INT. DIESEL ENGINE -- BOBBY

A wrench is wedged onto the throttle. While Bobby shields his eyes against --

THE TUNNEL OPENING

A gaping hole in the coming day.

EXT. L TRACK -- TRAIN TO PLANE LINE -- SUNRISE

The diesel train bursts into the daylight.

INT. THE CAB -- IN MOTION -- BOBBY AND LUCY

Nicky, jaw clenched and LEANING ON THE HORN as he brakes, slides, cranks the wheel, accelerates...

EXT. THE CAB -- ATLANTIC AVE

Where it bursts from an alleyway and parallels the L. The cab. The train. Suddenly side by side.

INT. THE CAB -- NICKY

He hammers the accelerator to the floor, through one red light. And another.

EXT. HIGH SHOT -- ATLANTIC AVENUE AND THE TRAIN TRACKS

Where the cab rockets ahead of the diesel.

INT. RTO COMMAND

For once, the room is dead quiet. All eyes on the board and the solitary movement of Bobby's Eastbound train. All but Leech who smokes and paces and --

SLAM -- A TV MONITOR IS ROLLED THROUGH THE DOORS

Fazio directs the traffic.

TRAINMASTER
What's this?

FAZIO
So you can see how the government takes care of business.

CLOSE ON -- THE MONITOR

Propped atop filing cabinets and SWITCHED ON for all to see.

THE PICTURE -- A HELICOPTER POV

Of the speeding cab.

FAZIO
That's your Transit cop, D'Enzo. The chopper picked him up just ahead of the train, obviously headed for some rendezvous with the diesel. And Chopper 2?

THE PICTURE CHANGES -- ANOTHER HELICOPTER POV

A SHOT OF the speeding diesel train.

FAZIO
(into mic)
Chopper 1. Move for advantage on the taxi cab. Chopper 2, wait for orders.

The MONITOR SWITCHES to Chopper 1's POV of the speeding cab.

EXT. SAME SHOT -- CHOPPER 1 POV OF THE CAB

And getting closer as the helicopter lowers for the kill.

EXT. THE CAB -- ROCKAWAY AVE

A long, wide open stretch that's turned well away from the train. The helicopter SWOOPS overhead. The cab swerves down a sidestreet.

EXT. SIDESTREET -- CONT'D

The cab hauling tail. The helicopter above. The street SLOPES UPWARD, then downward toward --

A SUDDEN DEAD END

The cab brakes, tires SQUEALING as it turns a one-eighty. The engine dies. The cab's stalled.

THE HELICOPTER HOVERS AT FIFTEEN FEET

As TACTICAL TEAM 1 rappels to the pavement. Weapons trained. And moving in formation on the cab when...

THE CAB DOOR OPENS -- REVEAL LUCY

At the driver's wheel. Hands up. NOW SHE'S WEARING THAT TREASURY JACKET with the tracking device.

INT. RTO COMMAND -- MORNING

Everyone slack-jawed at the IMAGE OF LUCY alone in the cab. And without missing a beat --

JUAREZ
That ain't him.

FAZIO
Where's the cop? Where's the fucking cop -- Chopper 2!

THE VIDEO IMAGE SWITCHES

To Chopper 2's camera, high above the moving diesel train.

FAZIO (CONT'D)
Where is he, where is he...?

TRAINMASTER
So maybe he's home, sleeping this bullshit off.

FAZIO
He's there. I know he's there!

EXT. HELICOPTER SHOT -- DIESEL TRAIN IN MOTION

The tracks swing a slow right and the train along with them.

INT. DIESEL ENGINE -- BOBBY

His hands cup against the glare as the train heads dead on into that rising ball of fiery sunshine.

THE CAMERA PUSHES IN ON -- BOBBY

His eyes widen despite the burning light. What he sees...

BOBBY'S POV

In silhouette, standing atop a nearing overpass. A single figure that waits for a train --

BOBBY
Nicky...

EXT. OVERPASS

Nicky holds. Times his moment. His eyes train on the coming engine and --

BOBBY -- EYES LOCKING WITH NICKY

This just as the train hurtles underneath the overpass.

INT. RTO COMMAND -- THE TV MONITOR

And the HELICOPTER SHOT OF Nicky dropping onto the train...

JUAREZ
There he is!

EXT. L TRACK -- THE DIESEL TRAIN

Nicky lands -- his bad knee buckles and he rolls off the car -- catches the railing, hanging by his fingertips!

INT. HOSTAGE CAR -- MOVING TRAIN -- DAY

The hostages with that broken bench. Cracking it against the forward door.

WESTIE GUY
One two three --

(CONTINUED)

WHACK! They smash at the door. Then a girl sees Nicky hanging. She SCREAMS.

EXT. L TRACKS -- MOVING TRAIN -- NICKY -- DAY

Nicky pulls himself upward and onto the top of the car. Only to find --

BOBBY

He stands at the opposite end.

BOBBY
You shouldn't have done this, Nicky!

NICKY
Wire, Bobby... WATCH THE WIRE!

Bobby wheels to see A CROSS WIRE racing for him. Automatically he drops to his stomach and the DEADLY WIRE WHIZZES OVERHEAD.

BOBBY
It's been awhile since we --

BUT NICKY

As the wire slings past, he launches to his feet. Runs the length of the car and LEAPS --

RIGHT OVER THE BRIDGE AND BOBBY

Onto the diesel engine.

BOBBY
NICKY!!! IT'S NO GOOD!

THE TREASURY HELICOPTER ZOOMS AHEAD

Bobby swings his view upward.

BOBBY
No...

INT. RTO COMMAND

On the Big Board, Leech traces the path of the tracks to the Howard Beach/JFK platform.

LEECH
Howard Beach/JFK station. Whaddayou think?

(CONTINUED)

CHIEF ALONZO
Yes. It's perfect. No homes. No traffic for three hundred yards...

CHIEF MACINTIRE
Sharpshooters, either side of the tracks...

FAZIO
Done.
(and orders)
Chopper 2. Move and set your targets from the Howard Beach/JFK platform. Chopper 1, pick up with the video of the train.

EXT. HOWARD BEACH/JFK PLATFORM -- DAY

Treasury Chopper 2 lands. The doors open and the TACTICS TEAM 2 deploys into positions.

EXT. EVERGREEN CEMETERY -- LOW ANGLE SHOT TO REVEAL

The diesel roaring above and through.

INT. HOSTAGE CAR -- TRAIN IN MOTION -- DAY

One two three. And one more time they SLAM THE BROKEN BENCH INTO THE FORWARD DOORWAY. The LOCK SNAPS and the door slides open. CHEERS from the hostages but...

FROM THE MIDDLE CAR -- THE GARBAGE BAGS

The speed of the car coupled with the vacuum effect of the open door -- THE CASH IS SUCKED RIGHT OUT!

GIRLFRIEND
It ain't garbage. It's...

WESTIE GUY
Money!

EXT. HELICOPTER VIEW -- THE TRAIN

Money POURS FROM THE WINDOWS like steam from an engine, streaming behind the train in a wake of green.

INT. RTO COMMAND -- LEECH

He can't believe his eyes. All his money...

LEECH
Jesus, no... Stop the train...
SOMEBODY STOP THE GODDAMN TRAIN!

EXT. L TRACKS -- TRAIN IN MOTION -- NICKY

Nicky crawls to the diesel controls. The THROTTLE -- BROKEN! The BRAKE -- JAMMED!

NICKY
SONOFABITCH!

BOBBY
IT'S NO GOOD, NICKY!

ON BOBBY

As he turns to see the money pouring from that open window.

BOBBY
NO!!!!

Bobby starts toward the rear car. But Nicky is upon him. Tackling him to the train roof. Bobby spins and KICKS NICKY across the face. KICKS him again and then --

BOBBY DROPS TO THE BRIDGE BETWEEN CARS

He tries to close the door and stop the flow of cash. But the door sticks. All the cash blowing past him like a gale force.

INT. HOSTAGE CAR

Those poor Westies have forgotten about escape. They in a whirl of reaching and grabbing for the SWIRLING CASH, as if caught in a twister of fortune.

EXT. MOVING TRAIN -- NICKY APPEARS ABOVE BOBBY

On his knees, he reaches out.

NICKY
It's over, Bobby!

Bobby turns. Looks up to Nicky.

NICKY
It's over! Pull the pin!

BOBBY
The money...

(CONTINUED)

NICKY
I'm here, Bobby. For one more ride. C'mon. Let 'em all go. Pull The Pin.

BOBBY
Kick it out...

NICKY
Kick out the pin! Yes!

BOBBY
And then what?

NICKY
Then it's one last ride. Just the two of us.

BOBBY
One last ride. You n' me?

NICKY
Yeah... Let's do it.

A long look between them. That trusting look from way back when. Then...

CLOSE ON -- THE BRIDGE

Bobby kicks up the landing, REVEALING THE CUPLER PIN. And with a hard shot from his foot, he kicks it out.

THE REAR CAR

Separates from the forward cars. It falls quickly away. Slowing safely with the hostages inside.

INT. RTO COMMAND

Where all can observe the MONITORS, REVEALING the hostage car being cut loose.

TRAINMASTER
They're free! They set 'em free.

CHEERS from all the dispatchers.

CHIEF MACINTIRE
Whaddayou know, Chief. Your boys cut 'em loose.

BUT FAZIO

He's moving in for the kill. Eyes glued to the monitor.

FAZIO
Tac 2. I want you to show us some marksmanship. You hear me?

EXT. HOWARD BEACH/JFK STATION -- A LIEUTENANT

The Lieutenant on the radio.

LIEUTENANT
In position. Rifles up.

EXT. DIESEL TRAIN -- BOBBY AND NICKY

Nicky gives Bobby a hand. They crawl atop the train.

PULL BACK WIDE -- THE TRAIN

Just the roaring diesel and a single car, banking into the last turn toward the HOWARD BEACH/JFK STATION.

CUT BACK TO -- BOBBY AND NICKY

On that last ride.

NICKY
Last of the subway surfers!

BOBBY
OOOWEEEEEEEE!

Bobby HOWLING. Then starts peeling his clothes, right down to his bare chest.

BOBBY
Now you!

NICKY
You're crazy! It's ten degrees!

BOBBY
Wasn't my idea, Nicky. I followed <u>you</u> this time.

Nicky peels his shirt. Now it's the two of them. Bare chested. Feet forward, arms up -- and soaring as if on an endless wave!

EXT. HOWARD BEACH/JFK STATION -- DAY

The TREASURY TACTICS TEAM in place. High-powered rifles at the ready.

(CONTINUED)

CLOSE ON -- THE TACTICS LIEUTENANT

TAC. LIEUTENANT
On my command.

INT. RTO COMMAND -- FAZIO WATCHING THE MONITOR

A smile spreads across his face in anticipation of the kill when...

CHIEF ALONZO (O.S.)
Mr. Fazio, we'd like you to stand down.

CUT TO -- BOTH CHIEFS

Side by side. Alonzo and MacIntire.

CHIEF MACINTIRE
You heard him. Hostages are no longer in danger. Tell your men to stand down!

FAZIO
We had a deal!

Fazio looks right at Leech. Who takes his own moment to step forward.

LEECH
The deal's off.

Fazio WHEELS to the monitor. REVEALING the train sling-shotting into the Howard Beach/JFK station.

FAZIO
Too late.

EXT. HOWARD BEACH/JFK STATION --- VARIOUS SHOTS OF TACTIC COPS

Ready to kill. But just as their fingers SQUEEZE AT TRIGGERS...

THEIR EYES CAN'T BELIEVE WHAT THEY SEE

Pulling away from their rifle scopes.

POV SHOTS -- THE COMING TRAIN

And Nicky and Bobby, the original subway surfers.

WIDE SHOT -- THE TRAIN

It ROARS through the station without incident. Only shocked faces as orders come over the radio to...

RADIO ORDERS
Stand down. Hostages are safe.
Stand down.

EXT. HELICOPTER SHOT -- OVER JAMAICA BAY

Where the train track is nothing more than levee flanked by water on either side.

THE DIESEL HUMMS ALONG

The boys, arms wide and flying. And for this moment. Free.

INT. RTO COMMAND

Beaten, Fazio seats himself. Leech offers him a cigarette. And the two chiefs shake hands while the MONITORS PLAY ON with the scene.

EXT. THE DIESEL TRAIN -- IN MOTION -- BOBBY AND NICKY

NICKY
It dead ends at Rockaway. What you say we do like we used to and make a water jump.

BOBBY
Sorry Nicky. I'm gonna ride this one out. You jump.

NICKY
We both go or nothing!

BOBBY
Okay.

NICKY
What?

BOBBY
I said okay. We both go. You first. Guts before glory.

NICKY
Sorry. Fame before fodder. After you.

BOBBY
I got it. I know what it is!

NICKY
What?

(CONTINUED)

BOBBY
It's sink or swim!

And with that, Bobby BUMPS NICKY from the atop the car. Nicky loses his balance. Tries to regain. But Bobby gives one last push.

SENDING NICKY FLYING

And SPLASH. Right into the freezing water.

ON NICKY

He surfaces, spits water, in time to see --

BOBBY

Riding off into a Holy sunrise.

EXT. FURTHER DOWN THE TRACK

Where a RAIL WORKER feverishly HAND CRANKS a switch under supervision of a ROCKAWAY BEACH COP.

ROCKAWAY BEACH COP
Trains comin'! You done yet?

RAIL WORKER
Just two more turns.

Two more turns it is. And the rails switch.

RAIL WORKER (CONT'D)
Now we run!

CUT TO -- THE TRAIN

Speeding toward the switch. Bobby making his final ride when...

THE TRAIN HITS THE SWITCH -- DERAILS!

Sixty miles per hour and train pitches, twisting off the tracks and into the sand and weeds.

BOBBY DISAPPEARS

Into a pile of SCREAMING METAL and dust.

REVERSE SHOT -- DOWN THE TRACKS

With Nicky racing for the crash site. His knee gives way and he spills to the dirt. But he's back on his feet, as fast as he can go.

NICKY
BOBBY!!!

EXT. HELICOPTER SHOT -- CIRCLING THE CRASH SITE

A tragic scene. The diesel and single passenger car laying like dead, steel mammoths.

EXT. IN THE WEEDS -- THE CRASH SITE

Nicky drops to his knees. Where Bobby lays twisted and dying. Nicky scoops Bobby into his arms.

NICKY
Gonna be okay, Bobby. Gonna be okay.
(SCREAMS)
WE NEED A PARAMEDIC!!!

Bobby reaches up and pulls Nicky down to him. He spits blood as he speaks.

BOBBY
... I always took care of you, Nicky. Remember that.

NICKY
I remember. I remember, alright?
(once again, at the circling chopper)
WE NEED A PARAMEDIC!!!

CLOSE ON -- BOBBY

He's fading fast. But his eyes widen.

BOBBY
I see it, Nicky. For Christ's sake, I see it!
(laughing and spitting blood)

NICKY
What Bobby. What do you see?

BOBBY
Third Avenue L... I see my dad on the L... Hell if I wasn't there...

And there, Bobby fades away in Nicky's arms. Bobby's eyes, though, fixed as if he can still see the vision of his father and the Third Avenue L.

EXT. PULLING BACK TO WIDE SHOT -- THE CRASH SITE

The dust settles. The helicopter circles. And Bobby and Nicky embraced in the blowing reeds.

FADE OUT

EXT. EVERGREEN CEMETERY -- DAY

As a train rumbles overhead, Bobby is laid to rest in a standard grave. There's no police detail nor a twenty-one gun salute. Just family. Laura, Nicky, and the kids. A RABBI SINGS.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. TRANSIT POLICE REVIEW BOARD -- DAY

In dress uniform, Nicky stands before a REVIEW BOARD. A bunch of faceless men unknown to him.

REVIEW BOARD CHAIR
It is the finding of this committee to discharge you, Officer D'Enzo. Public heroics, notwithstanding, your participation in the events leading to January 1 of this year cannot be denied. You are hereby relieved of duty without pension. You may appeal this, but off the record, if you do we will be forced to file charges. Is this understood?
(and after a look to his fellow members)
Your gun and your shield shall be turned in by midnight tonight to your duty officer. Thankyou.

CAMERA ROLLS IN ON -- NICKY

With his gold shield polished and glistening, he takes the news without comment or emotion.

EXT. J STREET PARK -- BROOKLYN -- SAME DAY

A spring day. Nicky on his last walk in uniform, finds a park bench and sits. Soon, a voice...

LEECH
Don't usually see a Transit Uniform above ground. Special occasion?

(CONTINUED)

LEECH APPEARS

Lunch bag in hand. This is clearly a chance meeting.

NICKY
You might say that.

LEECH
May I sit?

NICKY
Sure. Why not.

LEECH
Half a sandwich?

NICKY
Not hungry.

LEECH
Sure... So... I'm sorry, I heard the bad news. But it's what they do. Gotta clean house.

NICKY
Yeah, I know... So what happened to you?

LEECH
Promotion. Government Relations. Guess they figured I knew where the skeletons were buried. Lucky me.

NICKY
Lucky you.

LEECH
For what it's worth. I had you all wrong.

NICKY
I don't go putting a price tag on it. I did what I had to do.

A brief, awkward moment of silence. What more do they have to say to each other.

LEECH
I guess I'll see ya.
(stands)

NICKY
Say... You ever ride the Third Avenue L? When you were a kid?

LEECH
Sorry. I'm originally from Cincinnati. Heard it was site to see, though.

NICKY
That's what they say...

EXT. THIRD AVENUE & EAST RIVER -- DAY

A bit of Spring in the air, Nicky strolls along the waterline path until he arrives at a MONUMENT FOR THE THIRD AVENUE L. A bronze rendering of the classic, Victorian styled L train that has long since been dismantled. And after a perfunctory reading of the inscription, Nicky moves along, where after only three strides, he steps upon --

A METAL SIDEWALK COVER -- SUBWAY ACCESS

Nicky holds. Standing atop for a beat. Then stepping aside, looking to the monument not ten feet away.

NICKY
Can't be what you're thinkin', Nicky...

Nicky looks either way. The sidewalk is empty. And after kicking loose a cinder block from the river wall --

NICKY DROPS THE CINDER BLOCK ON THE RUSTED PADLOCK

One shot and the locks snaps. Nicky clears away the cinder block pieces and lifts the heavy, sheet metal cover and leans it against the river rail.

CLOSE ON -- NICKY

He freezes. For attached to the inside cover of the access door...

A LARGE GARBAGE SACK WITH ATTACHED NOTE

Nicky reaches for the note, unfolds it and reads:

NICKY
"I always took care of you."

A tear spills as he looks up briefly at the sky.

NICKY
You sonofabitch --

(CONTINUED)

LUCY (O.S.)
That's one count breaking and entering. And one count public vandalism.

LUCY

Looking awful pretty in her TA uniform. She strolls up to Nicky.

NICKY
You gonna arrest me?

LUCY
Depends. What's in the bag?

NICKY
A goodbye gift.

LUCY
Goin' somewheres?

NICKY
... No. I'm not going anywhere, officer.

She gets close, kisses him and starts back toward her radio car.

LUCY
Wanna ride?

NICKY PEERS IN THE SACK

And smiles to himself.

NICKY
You could get in trouble.

LUCY
So could you.

After a beat, Nicky swings the bag over his shoulder like Santa Claus in the springtime. And walks after Lucy.

FADE OUT

THE END